

The Australian

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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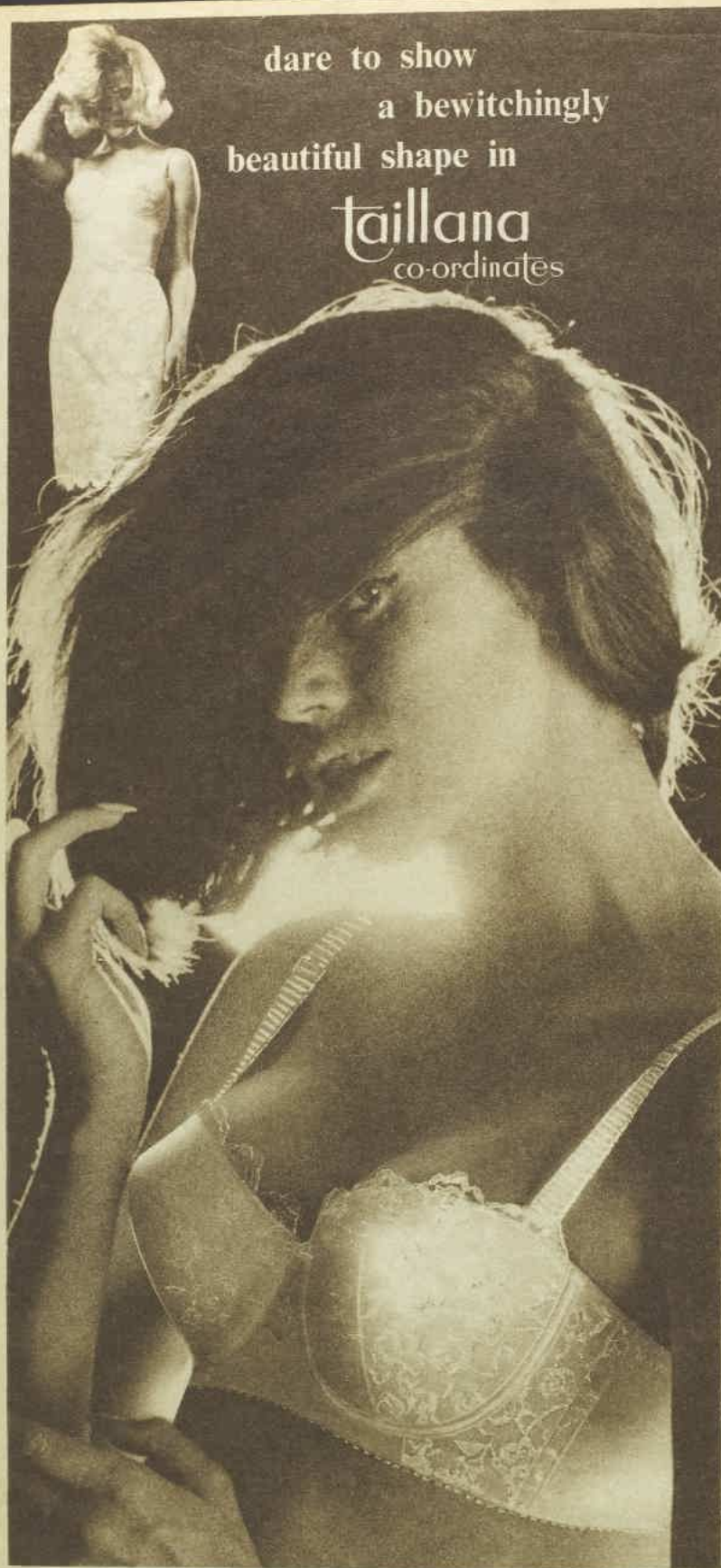


PAW RELATIONS . . . Which triplet is phony?—P.2

★ **SPEAK UP TO THE DOCTOR**  
(you're entitled to do so) ★

★ **8-page color lift-out**  
**24 TOP POP PIN-UPS** ★





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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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DECEMBER 23, 1964

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### OUR COVER

• Did you pick the phony triplet? Well, as a matter of fact, there are two "phonies." The real Maltese terrier, five-year-old Cuddles, is in the middle. Cuddles belongs to Mr. and Mrs. J. Boyt, of Dee Why, N.S.W., and the two toys were bought for her in Japan by Mr. Boyt. Picture was taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.

## WORTH REPORTING

A LETTER from reader Mrs. Dorothy McDougall, of Gordonvale, North Queensland, told us of a new Country Women's Association Branch of the Air, which opened recently in Cairns.

Designed to bring the isolated women of the outback into closer contact with other women, the Cairns C.W.A. of the Air is one of several such stations operating in Australia over a two-way radio system.

A Sydney spokesman for the C.W.A. told us that the Stations of the Air have been enormously successful since the Alice Springs station began in 1961.

"We've had letters from listeners (most of them hundreds of miles from their nearest neighbors) telling us how much they enjoy the weekly hour-long sessions of discussion.

"We have debates, play readings, talks on cookery, gardening, and household hints."

One of the most touching

and inspiring things, we thought, was that most of the women take enormous pains with their appearance before they settled in front of the radio each week.

With the temperature at 100 degrees plus, they don hats, gloves, and stockings—and not a soul within miles to see them.

### THE IDEAL GIFT! A SUBSCRIPTION TO The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Rates	1/2 Year	1 Year
Aust.	£1/14/6	£3/9/-
N. Guinea	£2/3/6	£4/7/-
New Zealand & Fiji	£2/12/-	£5/4/-
Brit. Dom.	£2/12/6	£5/5/-
Foreign	£3/5/6	£6/11/-

### "But it IS like that!"

#### AUSTRALIAN painter

Russell Drysdale's vision of the outback is so true that many travellers confess to having looked at a verandaed pub or lonely stockman and exclaimed, "Why, that's a Drysdale!"

In the just-out book on the artist's life and works, author Geoffrey Dutton writes that this even happens to Drysdale.

An entry in a diary of a trip near Ayers Rock notes: "Took a photograph of a dead horse today. Quite uncanny—it is exactly the picture I painted years ago."

Drysdale likes to paint the stoic pioneers, those whose faces express: "Look—I've come through."

Shearers, pearlers, and others living on the rough fringes of the continent's settlement fascinate him:

"They've got this character. They are characters. You can take your society people, however beautiful they might be, but to me they're ephemeral people. These others aren't. They just go on."

The painter's outlook caused a lively art row. His now-famous "Woman in a Landscape" won the Melbourne Prize—and a storm of letters denied that outback women were guilty of "such hideous proportions and apparel."

One letter said the painting must never be shown overseas for fear that would-be migrants might change their minds, "as any decent person would abhor the idea of his wife or mother appearing like the picture in a few years after arrival in this country."

Baffled Drysdale just commented, "But it was only Big Edna, that's all."

Thirty-two color plates enrich the volume, published by Thames and Hudson, and priced at £7/7/-.

A FULL-PAGE color advertisement for CUTEX Forbidden Fruit Flavored Lipsticks in our issue of December 9 carried a line of type saying the flavored lipsticks were then available only in New South Wales, Victoria, and Tasmania.

This was an error. CUTEX flavored lipsticks are available in every Australian State.

There are four flavors—Caramel Kiss, Cherry Kiss, Orange Kiss, and Peppermint Kiss—and all four are available in every State.



• Typical Drysdale veranda . . .



# Such a lovely Christmas party!

By JENNY IRVINE

**T**HAT isn't the real Santa," confided six-year-old Gail Ferguson, of West Pymble, N.S.W., at the annual Christmas party at the Rainbow Day Nursery, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

"He's just a messenger," Gail explained. "Before Christmas Santa sends out all his messengers to see what children want for Christmas and find out if they've been good. Then on Christmas Day the REAL Santa comes."

The Nursery's party this year was a fancy-dress affair.

Gail was wearing a long white dress and glittering crown.

"I'm a fairy princess," she said. "Andrew—he's my brother—is a bunny."

Andrew is four. He wasn't sure what he wanted Santa to bring. "I don't know what he's got," he said simply.

But Penny Anderson, 4, of Gore Hill, had definite ideas.

"I want a big dolly—that high," she said, lifting her hand above her head. "Then I could put this dress on her."

Penny was all in white with a diamante clasp in her hair and carried flowers.

She shook her head solemnly. "No, I'm not a fairy princess," she told me. "I'm a fairy QUEEN princess."

The children thought Christmas, Santa, the party, and dressing up were wonderful, although some of the younger ones were a bit confused.

Three-year-old Patricia Brennan, of North Sydney, began singing "Happy Birthday," and Melissa Blanch, of Pymble, didn't appreciate that in her tights, crepe-paper bodice, and sunflower hat she was "a flower."

When you're only one-and-a-half, you don't value presents, Santa, and all that excitement. I mean, all right, so it's a party—and that means food, doesn't it?

So, while the other children clamored to talk to Santa, Melissa stayed at the table eating.

Then with chocolate-smears mouth, the crepe-paper hanging in shreds round her waist, she toddled round oblivious of the noise, eating jelly beans with a contented smile.

Alex De Waal, 3, of Hunter's Hill, is a boy, so he wasn't going to show he was afraid of Santa. He wasn't sure either quite what was happening, but he wasn't going to let on.

He stood solemnly watching Santa with the children, then, after much thought, marched over to him to be picked up and put on his knee.

He didn't reply to Father Christmas, and his solemn expression never altered. But after Alex had been given a present of sweets he turned and offered one to Santa.

When Santa left, the children mobbed him, tried to kiss him and hug his legs.

Amidst the confusion of excited voices and thrilled faces, one little girl, her eyes shining, stood apart, clutching her present, announcing to nobody in particular:

"It WAS Father Christmas."



● Melissa Blanch, 1½, of Pymble, wasn't much interested in the excitement of the Rainbow Day Nursery's fancy-dress Christmas party. But chocolate biscuits . . . mmm! While the others clamored around Santa, she stayed at the table—eating.

Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

● Christmas doesn't always mean "Joy to the World." Below, two-year-old Glenn Nicholls, of Turramurra, found the fuss a bit much, so he expressed himself by bursting into tears.



● "A present for you," Santa tells Rumi Itoh, 3, of Roseville, N.S.W. Rumi sat solemnly on Santa's knee and listened to him. After he gave her the sweets she looked up at him and smiled: "I want a dolly."





## —:NEXT WEEK:— How to draw Australian animals...

16-page liftout

There are hours of holiday fun here — for all the family. Any child (or any adult who can doodle on a telephone pad) can draw Australian animals, like koalas and kangaroos and lyrebirds (which are the hardest!), from these easy instructions. They describe, in verse, the step-by-step construction of each animal.



## CHITTY-CHITTY- BANG-BANG

By IAN  
FLEMING



In a two-part serial, the creator of James Bond takes his readers (especially the children) into the world of fantasy with an enchanting story of a magic car: "Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang."

## What Queen Victoria thought—

- About babies . . .
  - About pregnancy . . .
  - About her first-born . . .
- YOU'LL BE SURPRISED!

. . . and fascinated by a collection of extracts from letters written by Queen Victoria to her daughter, the Princess Royal.



## SOFT DRINKS

Our cookery experts provide a collection of recipes for cool, delicious drinks (easily made, too) to quench the family's thirst on summer days.



## Fashion DOS and DON'TS . . .

. . . for resort and beach clothes. "Summer is full of fashion pitfalls," says fashion editor Betty Keep — and tells you how to avoid them in a two-page feature.



# SPEAK UP

By ALVA RAY

● Australian doctors rank with any. On the whole, they are a mature, responsible, and skilled group of men.

IT was a couple of Australians who discovered the significance of German measles in early pregnancy.

An Australian is the co-discoverer of penicillin, as all the world knows, and just recently a Kiwi developed the technique of prenatal blood transfusions.

Recently I read an article which was a sentimental gush about doctors.

The writer obviously saw them as larger than life, surrounded by a great golden glow of dedication to the mass of suffering humanity, far, far below them.

Now this is just not true. It is not good for women to think like that.

## "I owe my life to my doctor"

Even more important, it is not good for doctors to think patients think like that.

Perhaps one of the most difficult and important aspects of living is to strike a balance.

People need to be acquainted with all the

available facts, weigh them objectively and develop an attitude according to these facts—not according to prejudices or emotions.

This attitude is flexible—it should be modified as more facts come to light.

Don't think I decry doctors—on the contrary, I owe my life to their skill.

What is a dangerous attitude is the tendency of some to regard them as all-knowing, mistake-proof, almost God-like beings.

For years now, certain novels, films, and TV shows have tended to project this glamorous but false image.

In reality doctors are human, fallible, and often ignorant on subjects outside their own field.

A relative lost her life by making this mistake.

A general practitioner in a country town diagnosed her complaint as hepatitis.

When she became very weak, he wanted to operate on her gall-bladder.

Her husband wanted to take her to the city for specialist attention and a second opinion.

However, the wife's faith in her doctor was unshakable.

He operated—she went into a coma.

She was rushed to a city

hospital and a specialist called in.

He turned to the husband. "You should never have allowed your wife to be operated on."

Her blind faith had encouraged the practitioner into over-confidence, and a (for her) fatal error.

## The patient has to decide

It is reasonable to expect a doctor to know his limitations and to keep well within his capabilities.

He can only advise an operation or a certain course of treatment.

The actual decision to have the operation or not is made by the patient or next-of-kin.

A patient's duty is to make his decision, based on the best available medical opinion, and to accept responsibility for it.

No doctor should have the unfair burden of this decision.

Many a doctor is criticised for failing to be a miracle worker, but you can't put the toothpaste back into the

## From a doctor's angle

● Nothing is more misunderstood by patients than the phrase "medical etiquette," generally believed to bind doctors to an elaborate and mysterious code to which their patients must agree if they want medical attention.

MEDICAL etiquette is nothing but a set of rules which deals chiefly with the conduct of doctors toward one another, prescribing rules of good taste and professional courtesy.

Everyone is free to choose his own doctor and change him if he wants to. Many people do so.

If they are well-mannered, they will tell the doctor, in person or by letter, that they no longer require his services.

This courtesy is made necessary by medical etiquette, which forbids a doctor to attend another's patient except in consultation.

Consultations—the advice of another doctor or specialist about the treatment

of a disease—may be arranged at the patient's request or at the request of the attending doctor.

A patient, or his family, may be dissatisfied with his progress under the attending doctor and request through him the services of a consultant.

Here again medical etiquette binds the doctors concerned—not the patient.

The patient or his family can refuse to employ a consultant, but if a doctor in attendance is asked by the patient to arrange for a consultant he must accede to the request or retire from the case altogether.

Few doctors resent a request for a specialist's opinion.

They are only too happy to have the advice of a specialist in a particular field of medicine.



# TO YOUR DOCTOR...

tube once it has been squeezed out.

It is up to the patient to be fair, even at a time when shock and emotion make this difficult.

Doctors, being human, enjoy adulation.

It does feed their ego to be worshipped by nurses and female patients, and to be a hero to young residents, etc. But — "Too much toffee makes a fellow sick."

Unthinking, uncritical admiration can easily impair the judgment and lead to over-confidence.

It can also lead to indifference to the feelings and rights of others.

Some months ago a young woman entered a large teaching hospital for what promised to be a complicated first labor.

On the Tuesday morning she was in the labor ward for surgical rupture of the membranes.

## Bothered by an "audience"

Dressed in short white hospital gown, open down the front, she was laid on the bed, and her feet were placed high into stirrups.

She had had nothing to eat since breakfast Sunday morning.

For 15 hours, up till midnight the previous day, she had been having contractions brought about by a chemical drip.

So she was short on rest.

Her obstetrician, masked and gowned, set to work. He was accompanied by three nurses and a resident doctor.

The patient looked up and saw a long screen placed a few feet from her.

Glimpses of a number of people behind it were to be had. She spoke to the obstetrician.

"Doctor, I find this most embarrassing."

He replied, "If you're in pain, use the trileine."

"I'm not in pain, but I am most embarrassed by this audience."

Silence from the doctor. It was apparent that he needed only one nurse at the most, and that the others were observers, too.

She spoke again, very clearly in case he had suddenly become deaf.

"Doctor Blank, I find this audience most embarrassing."

"Ha, ha, you want it easy," was the response.

That obstetrician was paid a large fee by her husband to look after her at a time when she was helpless and alone.

His primary loyalty and duty were to act in the best

interests of the mother and child.

Being set up fully conscious before an audience was a tremendous shock at a time when she was weak from hunger and long treatment, and about to begin a longer and harder stage.

All parts of the human body may be the same to the professional. The same lack of sensitivity does not apply to many women starting on a first labor.

She felt, by his ignoring her request to have the audience removed, that his first considerations were to do the job with the least inconvenience to himself and the hospital.

This is bitter knowledge at that time.

From a physical viewpoint, the operation would possibly have been performed more easily on a patient who was not tense with embarrassment.

It is elementary courtesy to request a patient if she

The attitude from which they spring is a hangover from the 19th century practice of medicine in England.

A textbook of midwifery was published in England some years ago.

It is "required reading" now in some hospitals in this country for nurses doing their obstetric training.

## "Sensitive, intelligent people"

It states: "Every effort should be made to save the life of the mother . . . a necessary member of the community . . . other mothers become alarmed if they hear of a maternal death."

This attitude equates "mothers" with cows and other "useful" domestic animals.

In Australia today

The machine was fixed. The patient was not told about its having been out of order.

He might be harder to fix. When such mistakes happen they are often glossed over "so that the public won't lose confidence in the medical profession."

Yet it is for this very reason that every mistake should be brought into the open.

Everyone knows mistakes are made in every profession.

When they are kept secret, one suspects that the careless and incompetent are being protected, at risk to the public.

In reality, the reason a patient is not told of a mistake is often cowardice.

Another don't-tell-the-patient incident occurred when a young wife gave birth to twins.

She complained of severe pains in the legs when she tried to walk. The sister told her these would ease when she lost some clots.

raking up past mistakes. I'm well again, and that's the main thing."

It is an old saying that the people get the politicians they deserve.

A lazy, indifferent attitude on the part of the people is reflected in poor quality politicians. The same is true of medical services.

Injustices go quietly unobserved for the most part; an individual suffers here and there in silence.

An articulate, informed, and alert public will result in better medical care for ourselves and our children.

## "A pain in the chest"

A man of 60 went to his local doctor with a pain in the chest.

His friend the doctor gave

knowledge always enlightens. An informed patient is more intelligent and co-operative.

Diagnosis and treatment are still left to the professional.

The author lists 12 different causes of headache.

A girl suffered from neuralgia every day for over two years. She said it was her teeth.

Her dentist disagreed, said it was sinus, and that there was nothing to be done about it.

After reading the list of headache causes, she changed her dentist, had the suspect molar X-rayed; it was found to have an infection at the root.

She had it removed, and lost the neuralgia.

Let's give the doctor his due. Respect his skill and integrity, but realise that he can be mistaken.

Where your common sense leads you to question his judgment, don't hesitate to get a second opinion.

You've lived in your body all your life, and have a pretty shrewd idea when it's not ticking over well.

Let's say that you have decided to question the judgment of your own doctor on diagnosis or treatment of your case.

It is your right to do so, and if you were mistaken, it has only verified his judgment.

Where do you get a really first-rate second opinion?

One way is to telephone any large hospital, and ask for the names of their honorary specialists in the particular area of your trouble. (Also see box on opposite page.)

Never allow your unthinking faith to lull your doctor into over-confidence. Your awareness of his human fallibility may save a life—your own!

So we want the best medical service in the world?

## Keep the standards high

An intelligent, informed, public opinion can keep the standards of doctors and hospitals high.

The public expects mistakes to be acknowledged and rectified as far as possible, that attitudes toward patients keep pace with modern education.

Hospital rules and routines need constant adjustment and common-sense interpretation.

In the long run, the kind of medical and hospital service we and our children receive is up to us.

Let's put effort into making it the best.

# ...It's your life!

would mind students observing.

To know how many want to watch would cut out the feeling of being set up as a public gazing stock.

To be asked would be to be treated as a human being, and not some anonymous organism.

All this applies particularly where the patient is to be fully conscious throughout the treatment.

When a patient requests the removal of an audience, the doctor's plain duty is to signal its withdrawal.

This girl was a private patient, and to add injury to insult, her husband was billed an extra £5/5/- for the induction.

But public patients should be shown equal consideration.

## Hospital's excellent record

A tribute to the efficiency of this large maternity hospital is that it is over ten years since the last maternal death took place—and that from a disease, not the birth. Baby loss is just over one in 100.

It is past time for a hospital with such a record to wipe away indignities as just described.

medical students and nurses must be aware of patients as sensitive, intelligent personalities in their own right.

Being sick does not disqualify one from the human race.

A survey recently conducted in England showed that the majority of patients feel they are told far too little about their case.

A smell of the old "charity days" still hangs over many a ward.

A couple of years ago patients in one of Australia's big hospitals were required to lie under thick bedspreads in the middle of a February heatwave because "Matron was doing the rounds."

Certainly the hospital needs rules. But perhaps they should be re-examined at regular intervals to make sure that such rules promote the health and safety of the patients.

To the public, the hospital often appears as a temple sacred to routine, where the man in the white coat is a god; the sisters, priestesses dedicated to his service; and the patients, sheep.

A young electrical engineer was called to repair an X-Ray machine at a big hospital.

The last patient had been given a dose of radiation greatly in excess of that required.

Then her temperature began to climb.

Her doctor and a sister brought an instrument tray to her bedside and began to probe round.

The mother could see a shocked expression on both faces, but no comment was made.

## Information may be withheld

They worked for some time.

Her condition improved, and she found an opportunity to read her record chart: "Swabs accidentally left in patient removed. Do not inform patient."

Why didn't she speak up then and there?

Australian women are "nice." They hate to "make a fuss."

Generally they respect the medical profession and are so grateful for the care shown them that they are inclined to overlook faults.

When one is weak and sick it is amazingly difficult to raise the energy to debate with authority.

Afterwards one is inclined to think: "Well, it's past history now. No point in

him a jocular slap on the back, asked him about his garden and family, and told him to take some indigestion tablets. No cardiogram was taken.

Twelve hours later the man was dead from a heart attack.

His widow lives with the bitter thought that had her husband's condition been correctly diagnosed and treated, he might still be with her.

Now it should be emphasised that this sort of thing doesn't happen often. The vast majority of medical men are careful and conscientious. The point is that mistakes do happen, and public awareness of the possibility will help to keep them at a minimum.

A recent book published in the United States by a doctor urges people to get to know their own bodies in the way you know your own car engine.

Make accurate observations of symptoms to explain clearly to your doctor.

Many doctors shy away from the idea of the general public learning how its motor runs.

They fear it may undermine the public's confidence in its medical advisers and encourage hypochondriacs.

But the author claims morbidity and fear are the products of ignorance—that



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safe, sure way  
to kill this  
filthy fly,


spray  
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When you're on a good thing . . . stick to it! 



*Film premiere was a glittering success*

# NIGHT OUT FOR FAIR LADIES

● Eight hundred people packed the My Fair Lady Theatre, part of Melbourne's new Palladium Entertainment Centre in Bourke Street, for the glittering charity Australian premiere of the film of the famous musical of the famous stage play — and among them were the national and State winners of The Australian Women's Weekly "Why She Is My Fair Lady" contest, each escorting the lady in question.

The theatre is the first new cinema built in the heart of the city since 1929. The Governor, Sir Rohan Delacombe, attended with Lady Delacombe and their daughter, Frances, and there was a chicken-and-champagne supper in the foyer after the screening of the Warner Bros. film.

The contest winners were guests of the Southern Cross Hotel, and it was a "lovely evening."

The national winner, Mr. Don Hendry, of Helensburgh, N.S.W., who wrote so admiringly about his wife, Jo, won tickets for two for a Qantas V-jet return flight to London, valued at £1200 (and, in addition, £350 spending money from the Australian Record Company). Ansett-A.N.A. flew the State winners to Melbourne to see the "My Fair Lady" premiere, and the Australian Record Company gave them a record of soundtrack from the film.



READY to take their seats at the gala premiere are the Tasmanian and Queensland winners of the contest, Mr. R. W. C. Cameron, of Hobart, aged 84, and Mr. Ron Nixon, of Bundaberg, with fair ladies Mrs. Nixon (at left) and Mrs. A. B. Criap, who is Mr. Cameron's daughter.



HELPERS  
WORE THE  
REAL THING

"WE all saw our gowns in the film," laughed programme sellers — members of the Lady Mayoress' Young Towners' Committee. They wore Cecil Beaton originals from the film. From left: Mrs. David Shephard, Mrs. Pierce Cody, Mrs. Robin Fenner, Mrs. Geoffrey Brown.



ABOVE: At the champagne supper the national winner, Mr. Don Hendry, of Helensburgh, N.S.W., and Mrs. Hendry, at left, drink a toast with Victorian winners Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Barry, of Glen Iris.



RIGHT: State winners Mr. A. D. Deakin, of Croydon Park, S.A., and the Rev. Fred Clarke, of Margaret River, W.A., with Mrs. Deakin (left) and Mrs. Clarke.



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● Wealthy young American Bob Linkletter herded sheep on scooters and played his guitar to relax when he shared life with the jackaroos on his millionaire father's station in Western Australia before returning to the U.S.

# FLIES BOTHERED HIM BUT HE'LL BE BACK

By PAT PARKER

THE latest member of the Linkletter clan to visit Australia—Robert, son of the famous Art Linkletter—has flown home for Christmas with a bit of Australian slang added to his vocabulary.

And down at Esperance, W.A., the jackaroos on "Linkletter's Place" (the 11,500-acre property Art owns there)—are using a bit of American slang.

Bob was around for two months.

In that time he met a lot of sheep—and a lot of flies.

Some of the time the sheep made him mad—the flies did all the time.

They made him so mad, in fact, that when I interviewed him as he was leaving Perth he had with him some shopping—"tourist things and two cans of bug killer."

## Super-insects

Someone had been giving him a line about the super-insects up north. Since he was flying out of Perth to visit his father's Northern Territory properties—"Fitzroy" and "Denham River"—on the way back to the States, he wasn't taking any chances.

"They tell me," he said, "up there the mosquitoes sit around on logs picking their teeth with boomerangs!"

"But," patting the parcel of insect repellent, "she'll be right."

Then, with his wide grin, "You see, there I go. I never said THAT before!"

Bob Linkletter is big—6ft. 2in. and 14 stone—cheery, friendly, and unassuming.

He has come to the conclusion that there are "definite advantages" in being Art Linkletter's son. But he didn't always think so.

Although he's not sure when he first became aware his father was a millionaire (he just knew life was comfortable), he knew his father was famous.

The radio version of "People are Funny" had been running for 10 years before it was televised, and Art Linkletter's name was known all over the States.

"When I was younger I felt this was a disadvantage," said Bob. "You worry about whether people like you for

yourself. But, as I've gotten older I've found people mostly aren't like that. They're interested in YOU."

Now he realises being his father's son DOES make it easier to meet people—and Bob Linkletter obviously likes to do just that.

But he claims he's not much of a talker.

## Music maker

"Jack, my older brother, is. He had his own radio show when he was 15. He and Dad are the talkers.

nightclubs in and around Los Angeles.

The group has also made recordings.

The seven-year association broke up when Bob left for Australia. The boys were mighty sore, but they plan to get together again soon.

When they do he'll probably give them the graphic demonstration of himself with "a wild, kicking beast (sheep) in my arms and flies all over me" that he turned on for me.

If they don't believe him



**BOB LINKLETTER** on his way back to America after working on his family station property in Western Australia. But he left his Western-type boots here: "I'll be back," he said.

I'm the musically inclined member of the family."

Bob is no mean guitarist, and his eyes light up at the mention of his band.

In company with friends of high-school days—Charles Correll, jun. (son of Charles, sen., who writes "Amos and Andy"), Jim O'Keefe (son of Dennis), Peter Lewis (son of Loretta Young), and Tom Crumplar, jun. (whose father owned "the Malt Shop" where they practised)—Bob has played rock-n-roll, jazz, and all kinds of dance music at parties and

his parents will back him up.

They saw him in action when they dropped in for a few days in October.

Art acquired his Esperance land in 1957, and since then has made what his son calls "an every-year pilgrimage" to Australia.

Often Mrs. Linkletter comes, too, and this time they had with them her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Forrester, of Los Angeles.

It was the Forresters' first time in Australia, and,

according to Bob, they loved it.

At "Linkletter's Place" Bob was "sort of a jackaroo" (under the guidance of his father's manager, John Hagan), and lived with three others in the jackaroos' quarters.

"It was good fun," he said.

## No bright lights

Social life was at a premium—"when you're 75 miles from the township, you don't bother much." So the Esperance girls got very few looks at the eligible bachelor in their midst.

Easy-going Bob didn't miss the bright lights.

"I kept busy," he said. "I drove tractors—you know, ploughing and pulling things round; herded sheep (we do that on motor scooters down there), and helped with things like clipping the sheep's hoofs."

(That was the episode that sparked the "wild, kicking beast" bit.)

"When you get up at seven, work all day, have dinner at 5.30, then play some records and get in a little guitar practice, you have to get some sleep—if you want to do it all again next day."

He has been calling himself "our man in Australia" since it fell to his lot to come here and learn something about the family's "down-under" investments, which include another 10,000 acres at Esperance, given by Art to his five children.

## Family choice

Bob was the obvious choice for the job.

Jack is married and tied up with business; married, too, is sister Dawn (Bob is very proud of her because she has identical twin boys); Sharon and Diane are still teenagers.

Bob says he has learnt an "amazing amount" about Australian farming—"that is, from what I DID know. It's been very enlightening. I've enjoyed it."

The idea, now, is for him to relieve his father of some of the correspondence between Los Angeles (where home to the Linkletters is a 20th-floor penthouse) and Esperance.

Bob has left his long Western boots down there "ready" for next time.

"I'll be back," he said.

## INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: Insurance Companies

By MARY BROKER

● Last week I spoke about bank shares and the Australian banking system. This week I am going on to that other citadel of the capital market, the insurance companies.

INSURANCE companies are much like banks in that they receive the individual's savings in the form of insurance premiums and lend them out, or invest them, for their profit.

In fact, like banks, the most usual form of investment of life office funds is the mortgage loan on the security of real estate.

The next most popular avenue of investment is in government securities; and thirdly in company securities.

Therefore, by purchasing insurance shares you indirectly get a widespread portfolio of first-class shares with maximum security.

The assets of insurance companies are enormous. They have grown from £72 million in 1920 to close on £700 million. In terms of total assets, the A.M.P. ranks second only to the Bank of N.S.W.

There are now over 40 companies registered under the Life Insurance Act, compared with only 22 at the end of World War II. The industry is indeed becoming a cut-throat one.

However, there were no major casualties during 1964, and although nearly every insurance chairman complained bitterly about increasing competition, some results were surprisingly good.

The first company I want to talk about is The M.L.C. Ltd., which is something like the fourth-largest Australian insurance company in terms of total policy holders' funds.

The company was formed and listed in 1962. Before, it had operated in much the way the A.M.P. operates, that is, as a mutual fund.

To give you some idea of the company's size, total assets as at December 31 last were £265 million, including £71 million in Government securities, £70 million in mortgages, and £61 million in shares, debentures, and notes.

Soon after listing, the group took over the electrical goods retailer H. G. Palmer (Consolidated) Ltd.

This move resulted in an increase in capital from £3 million to £3.6 million, but apparently the association is proving extremely successful.

Total earnings in 1963 were £857,000, giving an earning rate of 23.6%, which, compared with the earnings of most companies of this size, is excellent.

Dividend last year was raised from 2/8 a share (13 1/3rd%) to 3/- a share (15%), and the interim for the current year just announced was 1/7 a share,

indicating 3/2 (15 5/6th%) a share for the full year.

At the present price of £5/15/6 for a 20/- share you need only buy 10 shares, cost about £58, for a dividend return of £1/11/8.

The second company, United Holdings Ltd., has been famous since listing in 1960 for its one for eight bonus issue made regularly in December. I always like a bonus, because of the wonderful feeling of something for nothing.

The main operating subsidiary is the well-known Producers and Citizens' Co-Operative Assurance Company, but other investments include its own home building subsidiary and various other property ventures.

For the year ended October 31, net profit rose from £81,000 to £92,000, increasing earning rate to about 17.5% on the small capital of £524,000.

At around 40/- the 10/- shares are not dear, and 100 would cost about £204 for a return of £5 per year on the present 10% dividend.

Talking of bonuses, a very generous one for one bonus is to be made early in 1965 by A.P.A. Holdings Ltd., formed in 1957 to acquire Australian Provincial Assurance.

Other interests now include a trustee and money market subsidiaries.

Dividend after the bonus is expected to be 16 1/2%.

The shares have shown a remarkable rise since the bonus was announced, and now sell for £10.

Five 20/- shares—a marketable parcel at this price—would cost £50, including brokerage, for a return of £1/12/6 per year after the bonus.

Another insurance company which recently made a very generous one for two bonus was The South British Insurance Company Ltd., whose origins in New Zealand stem from 1872 and which began its own business here—as distinct from branches—in 1884.

In addition to the bonus, dividend was increased from 17 1/2 to 18 1/3rd%, so that shareholders had a pretty good year.

The 10/- shares at 41/6 yield 3.6%, which is high by insurance company standards. (Note: Australian residents' dividends are subject to a 15% withholding tax. This only means the tax is taken out before you get anything.)

One hundred shares at this price would cost about £221.

Anyone interested in long-term growth should discuss these opportunities with her broker.



*Starting from scratch with a few hundred pounds, Caroline Charles, at 22, is an international dress designer. She found*

## Room at the Top

● Youngest of the English designers, Caroline Charles, aged 22, is dark, beautiful, and frail, with a small voice and a languid manner. But she is deceptive: she is made of iron, and her energy is matched only by her persistence. Nothing will stop her. She is at the top now, and might stay there 50 years. How has it happened? She speculates herself in this talk to John Gale. (Color pictures show some of her latest designs.)



"LUCINDA," a young dress in pink-and-white-check gingham with horizontal lace trim. Caroline always titles her dresses.



"PLAZA C" (left), a theatre suit in smooth, satin-surfaced worsted. Note the flat, wide velvet collar.



"CHECKMATE" (above), a semi-fitted style in loose-weave wool with collar in velours flannel.

"I WAS born in Cairo," Miss Charles says, "and my father was an army officer. I was a terrible home-craft kind of child—I had a loom and wove tweed.

"I went from my convent school (I am a Catholic, a very passionate one) to an art school. After the first year I definitely wanted to be a dress designer; I felt that art teaching was not for anything, not practical, didn't come into everyday life.

"I left the art school after two years instead of the full four, so I'm totally unqualified and without a national diploma in art.

"I went and worked for a couturier in London at the top end of the trade—started in a basement workroom picking up pins and dressing the model girls.

"All this was terribly glamorous and totally unpaid.

"Then I went to Mary Quant as a salesgirl in her bazaar in Knightsbridge. I stayed there a year and was tremendously happy selling amusing and well-designed clothes to amusing people. Next I worked for a year with a fashion photographer.

"All this time I had been designing in the evening and early hours of the morning. My first excitement, when I was with the couturier, was to make Susannah York's first film premiere dress.

"When I left the photographer's I had so many clients already that I converted my dining-room table into a cutting-table and stitched away all day. This was surprisingly successful and lucrative; so much so that I could afford to employ a girl to help me.

"This was in May last year. October came, and with no knowledge of the wholesale business I borrowed a few hundred pounds, employed a secretary, and—still in my flat—produced a tiny collection of rather seedy garments.

"People seemed to like them. We were doing mad things like buying material retail in the downstairs department of Harrods and selling it back as a dress to the dress department upstairs.

"Anyway, the whole lot was stolen. In December last year I borrowed a bit more money from different friends, produced a collection of about 12 dresses and a few suits, bought a dress rail, and rang up the buyers of the stores, starting with the ones nearest my flat.

"They came and they ordered twos and threes, and the first two came back because they were badly made.

"But this gradually built up. It was terribly late in the season, so we were pretty lucky. Then I and my secretary packed suitcases and took plane, bus, or train to Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, and Plymouth, and we opened more accounts that way.

"Mmm," she says

"Mmm, in May this year I showed a second collection, of autumn and winter clothes, and at the same time as I was expanding accounts in this country I was starting to export: Montreal, then Bermuda and New York.

"Then I took an aeroplane to Paris carrying a suitcase, which was really tough. They weren't pleased to see me, were terribly rude, and didn't like the idea of English people bringing interesting designs that were not Scottish tweed, cashmere, or Wellington boots.

"Anyway, we did manage to open one big store account and three boutique accounts.

"After Paris I went on to Stockholm, where I knew there was a very good store, and to my horror the entire Swedish population were on their three weeks' legal holiday. The whole place was deserted.

"I rang the store and managed to find the merchandising director, who hadn't quite gone on holiday, and he said, you know, things really weren't worth doing: everyone was away.

"So I cried. And he said, 'I'll come and see your clothes.'

"He had the brainwave that the buyer who'd be interested in these clothes had an allergy to trees and grass and would not have left the city. He rang her up; round she came; and at the last minute everything was saved. So, mmm, one got an enormous order.

"The next sort of event



**CAROLINE  
CHARLES**

At left, young English dress designer Caroline Charles. She is wearing her "Hussar," a black dress trimmed with white braid. For everyday she wears a black sweater underneath. She likes to design clothes that will do double duty.

was that buyers from Macy's in New York arrived in hopes one night — quite late — in the showroom I had then in Pont Street.

"They loved the clothes and immediately said: 'Can we have an exclusive? Will you come to New York in September at our expense?' They kept saying they were the biggest store in the world. And, mmm, that was that.

"So I went, and it went like a rocket. I was besieged by manufacturers in New York who all wanted to manufacture the clothes.

"Macy's took a whole page of the 'New York Times' to bang Caroline Charles.

"The first thing Macy's did when I arrived was to give a Press breakfast, which was a bit alarming: it was at 8.45 in a palatial suite of offices, and I sat on a dais with all the presidents of the store under an enormous sign that said: THINK CORPORATE.

"The breakfast? Tea and kippers, which stank the whole place out. And English muffins. I didn't know what English muffins were: they're little squares of lead.

**No illusions**

"Having your own company, Caroline Charles Ltd., stops you getting big-headed and starry-eyed, and you know what every day holds for every member of your staff. The eight or 10 of us all know what's going on.

"My sister sews in the workroom during her holidays, and my small brother is a delivery boy. Until recently I did everything: design, samples, invoicing, selling, booking orders, deliveries, letters, modelling cutting cloth at 50 yards a time.

"I think we can now produce enough. I am loath to let the manufacture go out of this country: our standards are better.

"It's not my achievement that we've done things quickly. It's due to Mary Quant branching out five years ago and struggling with stuffy England and making buyers and the Press appreciate and become aware that young people can produce saleable and pretty clothes.

"I and the other young designers haven't had to break down the walls that Mary had to break down.

"I have no respect for the conventional, but I don't aim to produce way out avant-



garde dressing. I don't aim to produce a uniform way of dressing.

"I think once the clothes are on someone the person should shine through and the clothes should be secondary. The dress should attract attention from way across the room; but then, having met the person, you shouldn't be distracted by the dress from what the person is saying.

"Mary Quant had to start way out several years ago, she had to swing to get their attention. I'm lucky enough to come in when the pendulum's swinging back again.

"At the moment I'm wearing the sort of dress that if I take the black sweater off from underneath I can go out to dinner in (see picture of her in the dress at top of page). My stuff can do for

anything; it's not designed for a specific occasion.

"This dress is made of black face-cloth—broad-cloth the Americans call it—with a black-and-white braided V-neck, braid running down the shoulder seam and arm to the wrist, and a braided tie belt.

"It's called 'Hussar.' I name all the clothes. They're sort of people to me, not just things.

"For me, dressing pop stars

has set a trend. When I was in America I rang up the White House and spoke to Luci Baines Johnson—about something quite different — and she asked me to send her sketches from which she could order. Which was exciting.

"In Paris I met Mme Pompidou — wife of the French Prime Minister — who is terribly attractive and bronzed and sportive. She

asked me to send her some ideas and sketches and things. I met him briefly and went to their country house just outside Paris.

"Things have gone marvellously well.

"Am I ambitious? Only so far as I'd like to see as many people as possible wearing my clothes."

Pictures by Alec Murray. Text from Observer Foreign News Service.

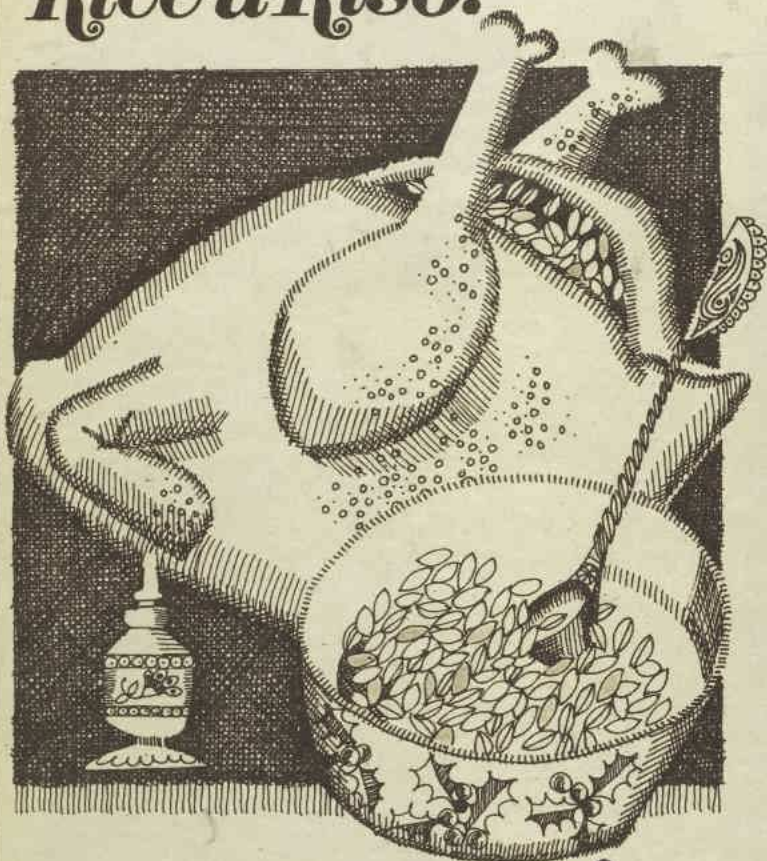


"EDWARD" (left), a slick suit, strikes a manish note with high pique collar, cuffs.

"VICTORIA," a dress in Welsh flannel, designed by Caroline Charles, should please every young Mod about town.



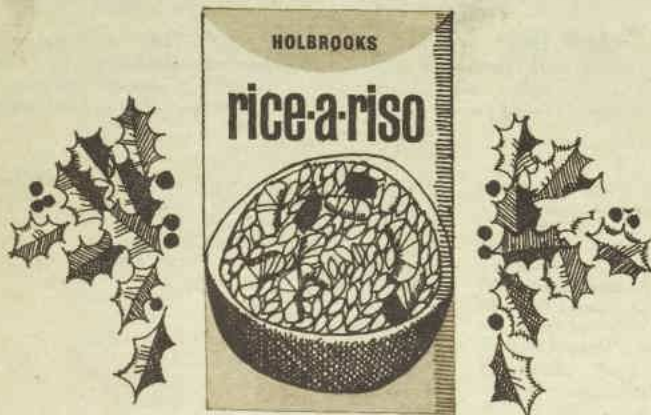
# Stuff your Christmas poultry with yummy Rice-a-Riso!



*easy!*

A packet of Chicken Rice-A-Riso quickly makes a scrumptious Christmas stuffing. If you're a little more adventurous, try Mushroom Rice-A-Riso, or Chinese Rice-A-Riso. Delicious!

Here's how. Buy a packet of Rice-A-Riso (whichever flavour you like). To make a stuffing, prepare as directed on the pack, but use only  $\frac{3}{4}$  pint of water and cook for only ten minutes. Now it's ready. Pop it in quick, before someone eats it all up!



## SOCIAL By Mollie Lyons ROUNDABOUT

**A** FAMILY christening robe of fine lace will be worn by Mr. and Mrs. Philip Simpson's daughter Emily for her christening at All Saints' Church, Woollahra, on December 20.

Emily's godparents, Mrs. Andrew Clayton, Mrs. Henry Angus, and Mr. John Atwill, will be among guests who will go on to a christening party at the Simpsons' home at Bellevue Hill after the ceremony.

Others there will include Mrs. Simpson's mother, Mrs. Betty Fairfax, and her son, Edward Gilly, who will be on holidays from school in England.

The Simpsons already have two daughters, Louise and Alice.

**L**OVELY fair-haired Veronika Brunhoff leaves this week for Munich to join her mother, Mrs. K. Brunhoff, and brother Stefan, who are already there. The family will ski in Switzerland, then visit Italy, India, and Thailand before Mrs. Brunhoff and Stefan return to Australia. Veronika, who has been studying Arts at Sydney University, will stay on in Germany to continue her studies at Munich University.

**I** BELIEVE Mrs. Humphrey Fisher really took seriously the advice given to women guests at the first Opera House party to wear sensible shoes—she wore white leather snow boots. When she arrived with her husband, the Hon. Humphrey Fisher, and saw everyone else looking "so elegant," she did a quick change, left the boots outside, and slipped into a pair of gold sandals.

**I**NCIDENTALLY, the Fishers leave on December 16 by car for South Australia to spend a week with Mr. Fisher's brother, the Hon. Charles Fisher (who is headmaster of Scotch College), and Mrs. Fisher, before they all leave for a tour by car. They will be away for Christmas.

**E**XCITED parents Mr. and Mrs. Frank O'Loan spoke by telephone to their daughter Rosemary in the Queen's Hospital, Honolulu, and heard all about her new baby, Dugald, born on December 9. It's the first child for Rosemary and her husband, John Allen, who have been living in Hawaii since April.

**I** HEAR that Mrs. Lucy Burton Falkner, enthusiastic chairman of the ladies' auxiliary of the Post Graduate Medical Foundation of the University of Sydney, has just been made an Honorary Governor of the Foundation. The auxiliary's latest effort—the children's Christmas party at Mrs. John Human's home at Vauluse on December 16—has kept them frantically busy over the past months, but they're all planning to be on duty that day in those frilly white organdie aprons which they wear at all their outdoor functions.

**T**HOUGHT Mrs. Robert Melville looked as if she'd just stepped off the cover of a fashion magazine when I saw her in town mid-week wearing a turquoise knitted sleeveless suit, matching petal hat, bone accessories, and cabachon-shaped turquoise bracelet and earrings.

**E**N ROUTE to spend Christmas with her aunt, Mrs. George Falkner, at Haddon Rig, Warren, Gayl Galbraith will fly to Molong on December 18 to stay overnight with Jennee and Lloyd Coleman at their property, "Boomey North." The following day they will all drive to Haddon Rig in time for the annual Christmas party Mrs. Falkner gives for the jackeroos on the property. Gayl tells me there will be about two hundred guests at the party, which is held in the gardens around the homestead.

**T**HE twenty-first birthday party which Sue Rich's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Rich, are giving on January 2 for her at their home at Pymble will also be a farewell for Sue, who leaves the following day in the Himalaya for a working holiday abroad with Jennifer Day, of North Sydney. The girls will stay at first with former Sydney residents Mr. and Mrs. Phil Seiferts, in Berkshire, and expect to be away for about a year.

**O**RIGINAL invitations sent out by Tina and John Mac. Smith for the New Year's party they are having at "Boree Cabonne," Borenore, each have a tiny hank of wool tied to the corner. It's to be an informal woolshed dance, and guests have been asked to wear masks. Although the dancing starts at 8 p.m. a question mark on the invitation is the only indication of what time it might stop. Young friends who'll go up from Sydney include Diane Green, Sancha Bovill, Ann and Richard Buzzacott, Malcolm Stening, Fiona Spence, and Donald Holt. Joint hostesses with Tina and John are Sydney girls Barbara Hennessy and Helen Rail.



**ABOVE:** Miss Margaret Lenehan and Mr. John Ward, who have just announced their engagement. Miss Lenehan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lenehan, of Wagga. Her fiancé is the son of Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Ward, of Willoughby.

**AT RIGHT:** Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bell after their marriage at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Singapore. The bride was the former Miss Robin Cunningham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Cunningham, of Collaroy and Griffith. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. C. Bell, of Sussex.







**JUST WED.** Dr. and Mrs. Nicholas Threlfall at the reception at the Australia Hotel which followed their marriage. The bride was formerly Miss Valerie Porter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Porter, of Gordon. Dr. Threlfall is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Threlfall, of Turrumurra. There were 100 guests at the reception.



**FOURSOME.** Miss Kathy Tulloch, Mr. Alan McDonald, Miss Barbara Pennington, and Mr. James Molesworth (left to right) at the end-of-school dance at the Pickwick Club given by ten P.L.C. Pymble girls. Barbara was one of the hostesses who welcomed the 160 guests.



**ABOVE:** Dr. M. Elliou-Smith, president of the New South Wales Medical Art Group, with Mrs. T. O. Norris at the opening of the Group's first annual exhibition held at Wales House.



**END-OF-SCHOOL DANCE.** Mr. John Johnston (left), Miss Janis Cossill, and Mr. Bruce Chapman at the dance given at the Pickwick Club by nineteen fifth-year girls of S.C.E.G.S., Moss Vale. The girls, who have just completed their final exams, greeted 180 guests as they arrived at the dance.

**AT RIGHT:** Dr. and Mrs. David Hunt after their marriage at All Saints' Church, Hunter's Hill, with their bridesmaids (from left), Miss Sue Chambers and Miss Patricia Jagger. The bride was formerly Miss Jill Biddlecombe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Biddlecombe, of Hunter's Hill. The bridegroom is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Hunt, of Moaman.





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# Far West Health Scheme turns 40

By MARY COLES

● In the summer of 1924, the Rev. Stanley Drummond, a bush parson nearing middle age, convalesced after an operation, staying with his wife in a residential at Manly.

THE shrill, happy cries of children playing on the beach against a backdrop of pounding surf made him wistful.

He thought about families in his far-flung, sun-parched parish away "Out West."

So many were living in such hardship.

Often "home" was just a corrugated iron shanty, miles from anywhere but a boundary fence. They never tasted fresh fruit or green vegetables.

Sandy blight was rampant. Children were growing blind, and crippled by congenital deformities which could be corrected.

But they were beyond the radius of medical treatment.

"If only some of the kiddies out there could get away to a beach for a little break from the heat, flies, and isolation," the Rev. Drummond fretted to his landlady, Mrs. E. E. Hill.

She was very sympathetic. She knew how difficult conditions were for many country people.

## A beginning

She had come from the country herself several years before, to give her three-year-old spastic son "a chance," but he had died.

And so no one was more delighted than Mrs. Hill when, less than 12 months later, the Rev. Drummond, Superintendent of the Far West Methodist Mission at Cobar, and Mrs. Drummond made the 450-mile trip from Cobar to Sydney again.



EARLY DAYS: Rev. S. Drummond in Far West gibber country, blooming here after rains.

This time the Drummonds brought with them a small batch of wonder-struck out-back children for a seaside holiday at Cronulla, where they camped under canvas.

The little band had been collected without regard for color or creed.

The Reverend and Mrs. Drummond had just plucked them up as a bunch of kids specially needing sea breezes to put roses in their cheeks.

It was from this "acorn holiday excursion" that the mighty oak of the Far West Children's Health Scheme—now celebrating the 40th anniversary of its founding—grew.

Since then, more than 6000 children, whose homes are 350 miles and farther from Sydney, have attended the annual camps.

And 11,000 sick and physically handicapped children from areas at least 200 miles away have been brought to Sydney for treatment at the 200-bed Drummond Far West Home at Manly.

Here, led by a team of 14 honorary medical officers, a staff of 21 fully qualified sisters, 40 nursing aids, four physiotherapists, three speech therapists, an occupational therapist, and an orthoptist, two full-time splintmakers, and a surgical bootmaker, help children to see, to walk, and to talk.

Nearby on the ocean front are flatettes where country mothers may stay when they bring their children to town for examinations and medical check-ups.

Besides the patient, a mother may bring another child with her to have a brief seaside holiday.

Regular surveys are made by honorary orthopaedic surgeons examining patients and ex-patients in Far West territory, which extends to the borders of Victoria, South Australia, the Northern Territory, and Queensland.

## Transport

A field officer nursing sister is also appointed to find out who may be needing treatment in inland areas.

There are transport officers to escort patients to the Drummond Home, and others who accompany them to asthma, allergy, and heart clinics.

Other Far West Health Scheme services include five Baby Health Clinics, which travel to distant centres and outposts, checking on the welfare of an average of 800 babies a month.

## No roads

In the early days the scheme pioneered the first aerial baby health clinic in the State, using a plane owned and piloted by a former Mayor of Bourke, the late Mr. Sid Coleman.

He took baby health sisters to remote corners where there were neither roads nor rails.

Stanley Drummond died in 1943, a few months after the death of his wife.

But the 19 years they labored to bring health and happiness to far inland children of parents with limited means have a memorial in the work that continues in this field.

The secretary-general at the helm of the Far West Health Scheme's tremendous network of activities is Mrs. Hill.

Yes. The same Mrs. Hill who met the Drummonds in 1924, and at whose residential in Manly the first 11 children in urgent need of medical treatment were accommodated in 1925.

Looking back over the years, Mrs. Hill sums up her most moving moment as "the day Mary Brookfield walked."

She explained how Mary, "a sad little girl with so many disabilities, it was



CORRUGATED iron home, with shed made of branches, in White Cliffs district years ago.



BULLOCK dray in 1924 used by family with seven children, two being with the first batch of campers brought east.



MRS. E. E. HILL, secretary-general of the Far West Health Scheme.





**BOY PATIENTS** at the Drummond Far West Home, Manly, N.S.W. Play exercise is designed to strengthen the muscles and aid health and development of the children.

feared nothing could be done to help her," spent 10 years at the Drummond Far West Home, being completely "remade."

"When she came to us she could neither speak nor stand up," said Mrs. Hill.

"Eventually, she could not only walk, but talk and go off to school, too."

There is also always a great deal of excitement in the air when youthful holidaymakers pour in to attend the annual holiday camps.

This year's contingent of 170 children between the ages of 10 and 12 will spill out from trains arriving at Central Railway between 6.30 a.m. and 8 a.m. on December 29.

### Palllasses

They'll "bunk down" at the Manly Public School, adjacent to the Far West Health Scheme administrative offices and Drummond Home, in Wentworth Street, Manly.

"On arrival each child is given a freshly laundered palliasse filled with clean straw, and as soon as break-

fast is over they stretch out to recover from their long journeys with a sleep," said Mrs. Hill.

Big-time sightseeing round Sydney does not begin for Far West children until the third day of their three weeks' stay.

The second day is swallowed up with dental and medical examinations made by Education Department medical and dental officers.

Then the real fun starts.

The children swarm the beach in navy bathing suits, with a big "F.W." on the back, in bold white letters. This makes it easy to identify anyone "straying."

Brown shirts are worn under the bathers to protect white shoulders and upper arms from sunburn.

At home, the children are accustomed to playing covered up from the fierce sun.

All activities from learning to swim to taking ferry rides and making thrilling visits to places like the Zoo, Luna Park, theatres, and riding on the escalators at the Overseas Terminal at Circular Quay are super-

vised by volunteers, usually young schoolteachers staffing the camp.

The Commissioner of Police also appoints two police constables (in mufti) to the camp to help with its running and the smooth handling of large numbers of children in traffic.

### Big family

Unlike the Old Woman Who Lived In A Shoe, the volunteer staff knows exactly what to do to keep such a big family intact.

They keep check of their charges with almost continuous counting of heads.

Progress has transformed life for people of the outback since the days when Stanley Drummond and his dog Vixie chugged over rough roads and tracks between Cobar, Wilcannia, White Cliffs, and Tibooburra, in a sturdy, square-topped Vauxhall sedan.

But temperatures continue to soar out there in summer (Bourke holds the State record with 125 degrees, and at Wilcannia it has hit 122 degrees) and in many places

few are optimistic enough to expect more than eight to ten inches of rain to fall during the year to fill tanks, waterholes, and grow feed for stock.

That's why the minds of children from these and other districts characterised by saltbush and dry, flat gibber plains boggle — and their eyes goggle when they first see a mountain or a wheatfield and the vastness of the ocean.

And, like their predecessors, some at this year's camp can be depended on to call Sydney Harbor "the dam," and refer to seagulls as "white cockatoos."

Mrs. Hill also predicts there'll be some complaints that "the sea is salty," and fears will be expressed that it will "rot the bridge posts" when they watch the water lapping round wharfside piles.

Her favorite Far West comment, however, came from a little girl with stars in her eyes, paddling in foaming surf.

"Oooh!" she exclaimed, "the sea is just like a lovely milkshake!"



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\* **HERCO TAN.** A non-oily tanning lotion which screens out the sun's burning ultra-violet rays. At the same time, it is insect-repellant. 4/9 a Bottle.

HE-48



**TODDLER Michael McPherson, of Tumbarumba, had treatment for an eye last month, has now gone home again.**



**AGED 6½, Susan Bartman, of Tingha, enjoys a plate of custard at the Drummond Far West Home, where nutritious food is a "must."**





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Serves 4 or more



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# Lively lawyer —and a good cook, too



MISS PAUL

● "I am an expert in international taxation and I am the best cook in the world — of that I'm absolutely unashamed," a prominent Paris and New York woman lawyer said during her recent Australian visit.

**N**ONE of my cooks ever stay, because they feel I entertain too much," Raymonde Paul said. "I am called the Junior U.N., as I have more people I don't know eating dinner in my home than people I know!"

Commuting between her offices on Fifth Avenue, Manhattan, and the Claridge Hotel on Paris' Champs-Elysees is just part of Miss Paul's busy life.

"I can get along on four hours' sleep very nicely."

"Officially, I spend four months each year at my Paris office, but in fact I often fly over for a few days. Leave Sunday, back Wednesday, and nobody even knows I haven't been around!"

"But if I have to go to dinner in Brooklyn, I worry for two weeks if I'm going to be able to get a cab out and another one back — nobody wants to go to Brooklyn!"

Returning to New York by an indirect route from the 13th convention of the International Federation of Women Lawyers held in New Delhi, Miss Paul visited and spoke to women lawyers' groups in Sydney and Melbourne.

"The International Federation was founded in 1944 in Mexico because the Bar Association didn't allow women as members."

"Very few associations discriminate now, but we continue our work of protecting the rights of women and children."

## Passport

"The most wonderful part of my Australian stay was when one of our members, a woman Q.C. from Adelaide, flew to Sydney just to spend the day with me."

"But I'll say in her defence that she doesn't know me too intimately!"

Miss Paul's passport is amazing — so many pages have been added that it looks like a fat little book.

She told me gleefully that not long ago a Customs man asked her, "When are you going to stop hopping around so I can find a place to put a stamp?"

"In New York I'm always working, and I never know what is going on."

"But spending a few days in Rome, for example, I look at the papers and say to my

colleagues 'Look! I just saw something advertised in that store. We are going!'"

In spite of spending so much time in Paris, Miss Paul buys her clothes in New York — "Paris is too expensive!"

Each year she spends six weeks' holiday at Vichy, where there is a famous casino.

"I'm the unluckiest player that ever was. My clients ask me, 'Did you lose at Vichy again?' when the bills come!"

Miss Paul received her law degree at New York University and has been in practice 35 years — that's known in the law as "an admission against interest," she quipped.

Although married to the president of a large New York wholesale travel agency ("So my friends can't get trips"), Miss Paul uses her maiden name in business.

"I don't bring my husband into things. He gets called 'Mr. Paul' and doesn't like that. He's much more of a quiet type."

—By  
**JUDE AINSWORTH**

Miss Paul certainly isn't "the quiet type."

Enthusiastic and expansive, she has a lively sense of humor.

"I will tell you about myself. My secretary has been with me for 25 years, which today with the labor situation is the highest reference, I think, don't you?"

Miss Paul speaks Russian, German, Italian, Polish, and Spanish.

"As for English, there's a divergence of opinion whether I speak it or not!"

A stern businesswoman, she is irritated by clients who try to take advantage of personal connections.

She tells a story of one man who, after being told her fee, began to mention his acquaintance with her parents, and how charming they were.

"Ah, then you are a friend!" she said. "The fee will be higher—friends I expect to support me!"

Miss Paul often attends U.N. sessions, both as editor of the journal of the International Federation of Women Lawyers and as counsel to various U.N. commissions.

"It has always been my contention that humor and

ridicule are the best weapons."

"I have always regretted that I wasn't in the U.N. the day Khrushchev banged his shoe on the table. I would have gone up to him and said, 'My poor man — don't I know what you'll do with a tight shoe! Anything!'"

"Those Russians at the U.N. never have a sense of humor — everything is so serious."

Born in China of White Russian parents, Miss Paul lived as a child in St. Petersburg (Leningrad).

## "Handsome"

From a brown house in St. Petersburg, the family moved to Japan before settling in the U.S. One of the present family homes, in Palm Beach, Florida, was the Christmas White House for the Kennedy family for three years.

I noticed a photograph of her father on her dressing-table at Sydney's Chevron Hilton, and remarked that he resembled the Russian novelist Leo Tolstoy.

"Papa was much handsomer than Tolstoy!" she said firmly. "The first funeral I can remember was Count Tolstoy's."

"I was too young to understand, I was all excited over the music. But I have worked for years with the Tolstoy Foundation and his daughter, who lives in America."

"I went back to Russia four years ago, for my two visits: my first and my last!"

"It is almost inconceivable what happened to me."

"I arrived in St. Petersburg on my birthday, and from the window of my hotel, what should I look out upon but my old home!"

She told a story of an American businessman on an Iron Curtain tour who sent his family a collection of telegrams from each stop:

"Greetings from Free Poland. Jones." "Greetings from Free Yugoslavia. Jones." "Greetings from Free Albania. Jones." And from Paris: "Greetings from Free Jones."

From Sydney Miss Paul flew to Tehran. The Shah of Iran is a great friend of her brother's, and wrote to the Shah about her visit.

Not one to miss the chance for a joke on herself, she showed me a carbon copy of the letter: "Raymonde is great fun. I'm sure you'll enjoy her, in spite of her being a brilliant lawyer."

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# Convicts acted comedy in 1789

● "The Recruiting Officer," the brilliant Restoration comedy by Irish playwright George Farquar, is Channel 2's most ambitious local venture.

**"THE Recruiting Officer"** is a lavish, no-expense-spared production.

Already screened in Tasmania, it will be seen in Sydney at 8 p.m. on January 6 and on other stations on the A.B.C. network later in 1965.

Sets and costumes, designed by Wendy Dickson (ex-Elizabethan Theatre Trust), are authentic, finely detailed, and rich, and the cast includes some of Australia's finest professionals.

Like most Restoration comedies, the plot of "The Recruiting Officer" is fearfully complicated and impossible to detail here.

There are two recruiting officers, Plume (John Meillon) and Brazen (Reginald Livermore); Squire Worthy (Tony Ward); a rather nasty recruiting sergeant (Edward Hepple); and, of course, two beautiful damsels, Sylvia (Anna Volska) and Melinda (Noeline Brown).

There is also a bawdy wench, an irate father, and assorted local yokels.

There's an interesting historical sidelight to "The Recruiting Officer," for it was the first play produced in Australia.

Captain Watkin Tench, prolific diarist of Australia's first years as a colony, recorded in 1789 that a group of convicts "produced a play to honor the King's Birthday, which His Excellency Governor Phillip had been pleased to attend."

The play "The Recruiting Officer" was performed in "a mud hut specially constructed for

the purpose." There is no record of how it was received then, but recently the play was performed by the National Theatre in England and was a smash hit.

John Meillon, who stars in the Channel 2 production, was wildly enthusiastic about "The Recruiting Officer" when I spoke with him. "I would think this play was the best ever produced in Australia," he said. "It would stand on its merits anywhere."

Australia's top radio star some years ago, John is home for a short visit after five years in London, appearing in films, radio, and television.

"Although I am leaving for England early in the New Year, I want to come back here eventually," he said. "It sounds corny, I know, but Australia is the only place in the world where I feel at home. In London I work, I exist. In Sydney I begin to live."

"I want to live here permanently, but for an actor there's not nearly enough work."

John believes that Australia is apathetic to culture and that the main reason is in the national character.

"I did a play for ABN2 recently called 'A Local Boy,' by Alun Owen. He said something that sums it up for me—'Once we get our nationalistic chip off our shoulder we will be better people.'"

"We have to forget our overseas image of the Harbor Bridge, the surf, kangaroos, didgeridoos, and join the mainstream of cultural development."

—PATRICIA KENT



**JOHN MEILLON**, star of "The Recruiting Officer," ABN Channel 2's delightful Restoration comedy. Enthusiastic about the play's production and presentation, John feels that it is in world class. John is married to actress June Salter.



**NOELINE BROWN** (right) plays a Beautiful Damsel in "The Recruiting Officer." She is pictured here with Village Lass, Lucy (Yvonne Mattheyses). "The Recruiting Officer" has been a smash hit in English National Theatre, playing to packed houses. The A.B.C. production will be shown in all States.



**CONVICTS** gave the first Australian performance of "The Recruiting Officer" on the King's Birthday in 1789. This scene from Channel 2's production shows (from left) Village Lass (Victoria Anoux), Plume (John Meillon), and Squire Worthy (Tony Ward). Lavish sets and the period costumes were designed for the show by Wendy Dickson.





# Tuppence to spare!

YOUNG EXPLORERS Keith Davey and Mike Leyland with their boat at Wentworth, the junction of the Darling and Murray Rivers in Victoria, where the trip ended.

## [And a bottle of champagne]

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "Project '64," TCN9's excellent documentary series, has gone on holidays until some time in 1965. It will be missed — it is always good, thoughtful reportage.

AND it will be specially missed because TCN9 certainly kept some beauties as an end-of-the-year documentary treat.

Generally I prefer Australian documentaries, and I was certainly well looked after in "Project '64's" last month of telecasting.

Three I remember well in that time are "Baptism of Fire," the story of the sinking of the Emden; "The Rivals," a light-hearted piece about the rivalry between Sydney and Melbourne; and last week's "Down the Darling."

"Down the Darling" is the story of a boat trip made down the Darling River from source to mouth last year by three young

TV cameramen from Newcastle TV station NBN3, brothers Malcolm and Mike Leyland and their friend Keith Davey.

It was a real piece of Australian, as refreshing as drought-breaking rain.

All through the programme I wondered whether a champagne cork was popping in the Leyland home in Newcastle.

I talked to the Leyland boys some time ago (one was 18 and the other 20 when they did the trip), and they told me the story of the champagne they carried from Newcastle to Mungindi, down the Darling, and back again to Newcastle.

The bottle was given to the elder Leyland, Mike, who took it to Mungindi intending to break it over the bow of their boat as it took to the water at the start of the adventure.

They were too busy to think of champagne when this happened. They remembered it later, but decided to keep it until they got to the spot where Charles Sturt discovered the river in 1829, and drink it as a toast to Sturt.

"We had read Sturt's journal," Mike said, "and we knew roughly where the particular bend he spoke of was. It was near Bourke."

"We decided that that was the place for the champagne, and we were all ready for it, but when we reached it, a lot of campers were there for Easter."

"We thought we didn't have enough to share it round with all of them, and if we just sat in the boat and drank it we'd look a bit silly. So we didn't."

"Then we made it up that we would drink it when we

finished the trip, at Wentworth.

"But when we got there we were very short of money. The trip had taken us ten weeks instead of the three we thought it would, and we kept the champagne unopened because we thought we might have to sell it for petrol."

"We didn't, and we got it home still unopened. Now I reckon we'll keep it and drink it after the telecast—that is, if it's a good one."

### More to say

It certainly was a good one, but it could have been miles better. Having talked to the boys about it, I thought the commentary could have been more informative and explicit.

I wished, too, that commentator David Lowe had researched the pronunciation of Mungindi.

Mungindi is a funny word, but surely someone present when the commentary was recorded could have set Lowe straight and told him that the "Mung" in Mungindi is pronounced as the "mong" in mongrel, not "mong" to rhyme with "nong."

Since the telecast many people have asked me how the boys got back to Newcastle.

Mike said that when they arrived at Wentworth they had £45 to get themselves, their boat, and gear back to Newcastle. They spent most of the money on an old car, tied the boat on the roof, packed themselves and their gear inside, and took off, driving in shifts, with six apples as iron rations.

Only 18 miles out of Wentworth the car broke down with the weight of

the boat, but they were saved by a semi-trailer driver, who was a real Samaritan.

He took the boat and transported it free to his home in Erskineville, N.S.W., lent them tools to mend their car, and saw them on their way.

They arrived in Newcastle about 36 hours later with twopence in their pockets and half a gallon of petrol to spare. (They had sixpence just outside Newcastle, but splurged fourpence on a telephone call to their mother to ask her to start cooking.)

It was a real adventure. One of its big frustrations was that when they got back they had to work like beavers for three months to get the money to develop the film.

It was worth waiting to see — it was good TV documentary material.

### Surrealist nightmare

AS I watch the progress of "On Stage," ABC-TV's new variety show, I wonder whatever is going on at the Gore Hill studios.

I enjoyed the first "On Stage" with Ted Hamilton, the second one with two English comedians called Oliver and Twist was ghastly, but the third one had June Salter and John Meillon struggling valiantly with an incredible script.

I couldn't take it at all; it was like a kind of surrealist nightmare.

ABC-TV has produced some good variety shows. I think they should get "On Stage" off as quickly as they can. They can do so much better when they try.

### Television

"Best-looking tan under the sun!"

says Diane Baker



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### TOMMY HANLON'S

#### Thought for the week

Momma once said . . . "I don't know that I care for these new houses they're designing nowadays. You know the ones — almost completely made of glass. And those new buildings, some as high as 60 storeys, with all-glass fronts! I wonder how it would be to work in one of them — wouldn't you get the feeling that people were looking over your shoulder all the time?" So if you are having a glass house built, let me give you this advice . . .

Momma's moral: People who live in glass houses should have a very thick shower curtain in the bathroom.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES



For Christmas sparkle and zest, please your guests with McWilliam's Sparkling Chateau-Gay. At party time it bubbles over with friendliness ... it's a great gay wine ... whatever the occasion Sparkling Chateau-Gay will add to the pleasure of your company. This Christmas give and serve McWilliam's Sparkling Chateau-Gay ... always keep some in your refrigerator for a spur-of-the-moment get together.

# cool gay & sparkling



FOR GAY TIMES—FOR ANY TIME

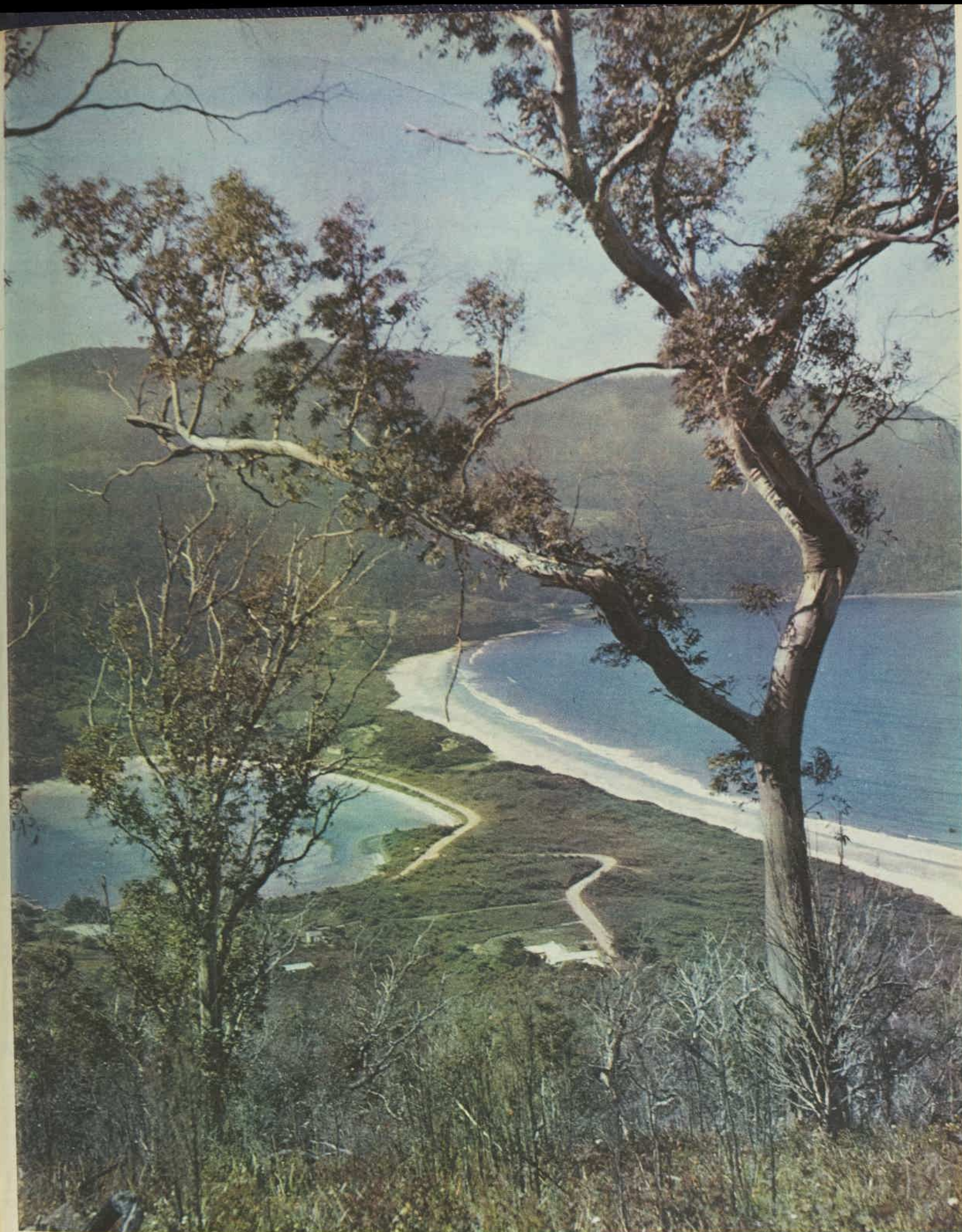
## McWILLIAM'S

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# Tasman Peninsula

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 23, 1964

● Picture shows Eaglehawk Neck, the narrowest part of the Tasman Peninsula in Tasmania. When Port Arthur, on the peninsula, was a penal colony a line of hounds was tethered on short chains across the Neck from shore to shore so closely together that no one could pass unnoticed. The line, in fact, was never pierced by any convict.

BEAUTIFUL  
AUSTRALIA

Picture by Don Stephens, West Hobart.

Page 21



# TAKE A long cool look at Christmas



Now's the time for Christmas-gifting. And time for summer's long and frosty drinks. Put the two thoughts together for the gift idea that's part of the party: a Syphon by Sparklets (makers of the original soda-syphon). It's the sensible way to make soda-water. Just a fingertouch and you live in any summer drink with the sparkling boost that only fresh soda gives. And Sparklets have styled these syphons in the shapes, sizes and decorator-colours for today's kind of living. They're the sparklingest gift idea ever.

*give a Sparklets syphon*



**For that certain Party!**

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If ever he's struggled to open a bottle of wine he'll appreciate this. Simply insert "Corkmaster's" needle — and the cork dramatically removes itself! Quite surprising. Quite effortless. Quite the perfect, different gift... Sparklets  
**"CORKMASTER" 49/6**  
Complete with gift box.

Sole Australian Agents: Wilmo Division, Monsanto Chemicals (Aust.) Ltd.







● Garden-party hat of natural leghorn straw has a black lining and matching bow trim. The hat was designed by St. Laurent to wear with a shantung dress.



● Lanvin's beautiful version of the up-at-the-back-and-down-at-the-front hat. Made in ultra-fine grey straw, it is lined in rose-red to match the single rose trim fastened under the brim at the back. Note the flattering angle to shade the wearer's face.

# THE SUMMER OF THE WIDE BRIMMED HAT

● Here are seven fascinating new shapes in summer hats.

The wide-brimmed hats suggest the grace of the '30s and feminine adornment in the grand manner. The up-at-the-back-down-at-the-front shape is one of the freshest looks. A single flower is the trim seen most often.

With the close little caps and demi-helmets hovering on the autumn fashion horizon, now is the moment to splurge on a beautiful large-brimmed shape in a pastel or vivid color.

—Betty Keep



● Dior's pale lilac panama hat has a beautiful sweep of brim. The flower trim is a single pink camellia.



● Perfect balance is seen in the dramatic sou'wester with its sharply turned-back brim. The hat is by Nina Ricci.



● Two up-to-the-moment examples of the wide silhouette. Far left, an up-swept brim. Left, hat tilts forward to partly cover the wearer's eyes.



● Dior's sophisticated version of the school-girl's hat made in panama. Centre-back, a chic rose trim.





*He had always been her mascot, her companion,  
but now it seemed that she didn't care about him*

# The old dog

By  
**DOROTHY  
BLACK**

**T**HE old dog lay asleep in the empty nursery. There were no longer any children there to keep him company. The days were gone when he willingly became a seal, or a bull in a bullfight, or anything else that might be required of him. All that was left to him now was a familiar woolly mat on which the winter sun laid a comforting beam from time to time.

Lying there, the old dog dreamed of chasing hares through the heather, of games of hide-and-seek played in the rhododendron shrubberies before Serena and Amanda were too old for such things.

Then his long legs would twitch with a galloping motion and he would give short, excited yelps. And sometimes he dreamed of the days when Serena no longer pushed him away, but loved and petted and spoiled him. Then he grinned in his sleep, showing a tooth.

He was shut up in the nursery because there was so much of him and because he was given to lying in inconvenient places where people fell over him. Mathilda, the maid, had gone right over him carrying the shepherd's pie the day Commander Stephen Gault came back from his Eastern tour, and that was very inconvenient. Stephen was courting Serena. Mrs. Blandon particularly wanted everything to be just so. No cottage pie all over the carpet.

Serena was beautiful. She was brilliant, too, making money doing modelling. Barney, the old dog, had had not a little to do with her success. They had made such a wonderful eye-catching picture, the slim girl, the huge dog. Press photographers never missed a chance. People always noticed Serena, but nobody noticed Amanda. She was only sixteen. Like Barney, on auspicious occasions she was in the way. Barney was too old, Amanda too young for parties.

"Something will have to be done about him before long," Serena said. Now she often eyed the old dog distastefully. "He is really getting quite disgusting," she said, and she turned him once and for all out of her room.

"How can you?" said Amanda, hating her.

"He can't help being old. One day you'll be old, too."

Serena laughed, knowing that was nonsense. She was nineteen and the sun was shining and she knew she would live forever.

For thirteen years Barney had slept at the foot of her bed and had gone with her wherever she went. He had been her gimmick. On her dressing-table she still had the picture of him taken at the height of his show successes, but he slept alone now in the old nursery and she could not be bothered with him. Mostly he made the best of a bad job, but there were times when loneliness overcame him in the dark hours. Then he howled dismally.

"We shall have to have that dog put down," said Colonel Blandon. "He kept me awake again last night."

Amanda had been eating baked Alaska, her favorite pudding, when her father said that. She laid down her fork and spoon, choking, and could not eat any more. The colonel noticed it and went on to make matters worse.

"They do it quite painlessly nowadays and really it's kindest. No good being sentimental about these things once their back legs begin to go."

It was true about his back legs. They dithered a bit and were no longer what once they had been. Sometimes he still had spells of gallivanting puppyishness, when he bounced and chased his own tail, but he soon had to sit down.

Only that morning he had set out for a walk over the moors with them. Serena had been against taking him. "He'll just be a nuisance," she said, but Stephen said, "Let him come." He was fond of the old dog, because that had been the start of it all: a summer's day before he went off on his Eastern tour, and a slim girl sitting in the front seat of a car at the station, the huge dog beside her. In that moment he had known, the way men do, that here was something beckoning, though he had no notion what.

"Who is she?" he asked.

"Serena Blandon," his mother said. "She's

a brilliant girl. You see her pictures everywhere. I prefer the little one myself."

But she did not discourage him, because she wanted him to marry. A sailor is better with an anchorage at home. She asked them all over to tea the following day, and Barney came, too. In those days, where Serena went, there he went also.

All through that golden summer Stephen had seen a lot of her. They were not actually engaged, but Mrs. Blandon hoped something would come of it, for bonnie lads are few. When his ship returned from the East, she asked him down for Christmas.

So here he was. There was snow on the hills and a nip in the air and they all set out over the moor. Barney got as far as the bridge across the river. Then he sat down.

"I told you so," Serena said crossly. "He must just wait here till we get back, that's all."

"Come, fellow . . . come along, boy," Stephen coaxed, and Barney's bright eyes said, "I'd love to, but I can't. 'He'll get his death of cold sitting there in the snow.'"

Stephen was bothered.

It was then Amanda said, suddenly, she had twisted her knee. "I'll go back and take Barney with me. You two go on," she said. She knew that was what Serena had wanted. It had been silly of Stephen to try to include either of them in the party.

"Don't worry. She hasn't really hurt her knee, or anything else. It's just an excuse," Serena laughed. "She's sloppy about the old dog."

Stephen let them go, but he stopped more than once to watch the two small dots getting smaller and smaller on the white background of snow, going back to the house . . .

The Christmas tree stood in a corner of the drawing-room. It glittered with silver balls and tinsel chains, and the usual fairy leaning rather crookedly on top. The one expensive box of crackers the colonel had brought from London had been carefully arranged to go as far as possible, and under the tree were stacked parcels done up in gaudy paper tied with silver and gold and red string.





ILLUSTRATED BY

*Wanderson*

*"You two go on," said Amanda as she consoled Barney, "I'll go back and take him with me."*

There were the family's presents to one another and to Mathilda, who had been with them more than twenty years and if she had ever had any other home did not remember it. And there, presently, Stephen would lay his offerings.

No one was supposed to touch the parcels once they were under the tree until the colonel handed them round on Christmas night. Amanda had already crept down to take a look at hers, and Serena had been more than once to find out whether Stephen's offering had been laid on the heap, because that was the most exciting Christmas present.

She wanted to hold it and feel it and guess if it was what she hoped it would be. A ring. She loved her work, but she wanted to get married, and what could be better than marrying a sailor, away so much that she could have the best of both worlds? For a time, at any rate.

She crept down again that night, after lights out, to look. It still wasn't there. There was something soft and squashy from him for Mrs. Blandon, and what was obviously cheroots for the colonel, and a box of chocolates, very suitably, for Amanda. But for her, so far, nothing. Probably, thought Serena, he thought it too risky to put anything of real value

there under the tree. After all, there could be a burglar. She went back to bed.

The small square parcel she was looking for still reposed among Stephen's ties in the dressing-table drawer, and it was a ring. He could not say why he had this strange reluctance to part with it and he never thought of burglars until the old dog howled dismally around one a.m. and he heard footsteps on the stairs.

As there was no handy weapon of defence in his bedroom, he picked up a long knife on his way

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PRESENT HIM WITH...

# Old Spice



OLD SPICE AFTER SHAVE  
LOTION, 10/-, 15/- and 27/6  
Travel Pack, 17/6  
Page 26

OLD SPICE GIFT SET: Body  
Talc, After Shave Lotion, Stick  
Deodorant and Hair Cream, 54/6

OLD SPICE GIFT SET:  
After Shave Lotion and  
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 23, 1964





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OLD SPICE HAIR  
CREAM, 9/6

OLD SPICE  
BODY TALC, 9/6 and 15/-

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 23, 1964

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# This Christmas...



## give personal pleasure

Each of these W. D. & H. O. Wills Christmas Presentation Packs of cigarettes carries this Personalised Card. Ideal for Christmas giving and to have at home when friends call in



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CRAVEN FILTER with  
LIGHTER** in glamorous plastic  
presentation wrap — yours  
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You're not smoking  
cool enough over Xmas 'till you  
come up to **KOOL** in **SIXTIES**  
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That's right  
**COUNTRY LIFE** dressed up  
for Xmas in sixties carton.  
Not too strong, not too light —  
priced right at 11/-.

...or if he prefers  
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Twenty-fives 37/6  
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Monopole Midgets  
Grosvenor Club Imperiales

Tens Pack 5/10  
Twenty 11/8  
Twenty-fives 62/6  
Tens 25/-  
Fours 10/-





Sitting beside the old trunk, Arkie looked at all the presents.

# MIZPAH

The locket had a special meaning and he knew it would be a tragedy if it were lost

FROM a distance one could have mistaken him for the charred remains of a tree trunk. At closer range, perhaps an ebony statue, standing stark and immovable in the shimmering haze of the hot December sun.

Despair, hopeless and dark—dark as the skin that covered him—clouded his young face as he stood gazing along the lonely bush track.

"I hate you! I hate you!" he shouted wildly.

I hate you—I hate you, the faint echo taunted him.

"Why don't you come, Sundah Singh! You're a cheat and a rogue like Father Harry said."

He had waited all the day long, as he had waited day after day, for a sight or a sound of the rumbling wheels of the hawker's van. He bent and picked up his spade, only to throw it down again, and kicked it dejectedly toward the neat pile of rabbits he had dug from the warren.

Rabbiting was always such fun to Arkie. Now he looked without enthusiasm at his day's catch and all but

wished them back in their burrows. The skins weren't worth much at this time of the year. Perhaps he would leave them for the crows and the foxes.

He was hot and tired—tired of waiting, tired of hoping, and so sick with fear and disappointment he wished he could die. His happy, carefree nature had suffered a reverse; something had happened—something that had marred the fabric of his simple faith.

The statue-like form slumped and he knelt at the edge of the water-hole and gazed in silence at the reflection of the smooth black features in the still water.

It bothered him not at all that he was an aboriginal, for he had known nothing but love and kindness from his white foster-parents. They had reared him from babyhood on their farm in the Northern Mallee.

He loved its wide open spaces, its patches of dense bushland, where the lowland built her wonderful nest in a

mound of dry leaves and sand, where the wild scrub-turkey strutted with her little brood, and the tiny wrens and robins flitted unafraid.

He enjoyed, too, his visits to the Mission Station adjoining the farm, where he sometimes played after school, or earned a little pocket-money by helping the superintendent. It was good for him, his foster-parents believed, to have contact with his blood-brothers; and the Mission director, quick to recognise the influence for good that he had on the children, encouraged his visits.

One special highlight of his simple existence was the periodical visit of Sundah Singh, the Indian hawker, with his motley assortment of goods for the outback people. He would camp overnight at the homestead, and sometimes allowed Arkie to help him unharness the two sleek bays.

The shining brass-studded winkers and colorful tasselled fly-veils were his special delight. Arkie was thinking of it all now, and wondered if he would ever see those beautiful horses again or watch Sundah Singh tossing his johnny cakes at the campfire in the evening when the crickets were singing and the magpies

carolled their lovely songs. In his sad little heart, he knew the answer.

Several weeks had passed since his last visit. Arkie had been home alone at the time and had chosen his very first Christmas gifts for the family from the well-stocked van. He counted his savings. Alas! he was a few shillings short.

"Will you keep them for me till you come again?" he had asked.

"I'll have plenty saved by then, 'cos I'm helping at the Mission and selling rabbit skins!"

But Sundah Singh had shaken his head and said: "No. If people want, I sell. Too long keep." So he had offered as security all of his own treasures—naming each in turn. But the turbaned head had shaken again in refusal.

"You give me locket Missus show me—I bring back before Christmas," he bargained.

Arkie knew Mother Maude wouldn't miss it; she wore it only on Christmas Eve, or perhaps for a very special occasion. "You might lose it," he had protested.

"Ach! silly boy, I no lose. You not trust, I not trust. Birds all a one feather, fly the same tree up!"

That remark had puzzled him. He knew it wouldn't be stealing, though, and he couldn't bear to give up the things he had chosen.

BY DORIENTE LEIGH

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LUXURY HAIR SPRAY IS

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CLEAR**

**Bright, new pack, too!**

Glamour-set your hair in seconds—with new Judith Aden hair spray. Made to a brand-new formula... crystal clear... holds your hair safely in place, naturally soft and gleaming. It's a brand-new pack and still only

**6'11**

SUPERSOFT OR FIRMSET

*Judith Aden*  
only at

**WOOLWORTHS**

*Perfect for Christmas giving!*

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# The Forbidden Garden

**POSING** as a wealthy widow, MRS. ELSA MARRABLE has, in fact, just sufficient means to get by. Nevertheless, she maintains a very comfortable way of life, after using most of her savings to buy a house near her nephew GEORGE MARRABLE and his wife, JULIA.

With an eye to a future inheritance, they give her expensive presents and persuade her to employ a companion. Knowing her difficult ways, they are not surprised when a succession of women come and go. The latest, a MISS TINSLEY, had appeared satisfactory, but when she asked her employer to invest her life savings, Mrs. Marrable had taken them, murdered her, and buried her beneath a new poplar tree, adding to the row she had started since moving into the house.

Before employing her next companion, MRS. DIMMOCK, George asks her if she will let the cottage on her property to a friend of theirs, HARRIET CREWE, and her young nephew JAMES. Wary of anyone being so close, Mrs. Marrable is forced to accede to the request.

Later Harriet sees Mrs. Dimmock putting a postcard addressed to HUGH DARRAH into her mailbox to be collected with the post. Mrs. Dimmock explains that Darrah is her godson. That night Harriet and James are disturbed by a large dog which enters the cottage and makes itself at home.

The next evening, after taking James out for dinner, Harriet is surprised to see Mrs. Dimmock surreptitiously letting a man into the big house, especially as she has just seen Mrs. Marrable dining out with George and Julia. NOW READ ON:

**H**ARRIET continued to think of the man she had just seen entering Mrs. Marrable's house.

At dinner with James, watching the Marrable party without really seeing them, she had thought, Mrs. Dimmock is alone in that house.

But Mrs. Dimmock was not alone now.

How swiftly she had summoned — was it Hugh Darrah? And not for a fond godmotherly chat; not with that urgently held door, that rapid entry.

What, then? A forcing of locks, a rifling of drawers? Perhaps a tying-up of Mrs. Dimmock, to support the story of a man who had threatened his way in?

In her unease she had forgotten James' night pill. Harriet got it for him and was standing beside his bed waiting for him to swallow the last of his water when she saw the top-coated man walking rapidly back along the road.

Apart from the fact that people seldom walked this road, something about his height and quality of motion identified him at once. In spite of his haste he was hungry for a cigarette; he halted and the cupped flare of a match showed only a dark eyebrow before it went out. Harriet took an instinctive step backward, even though she was invisible in the near-darkness of James' room, when he turned his head and appeared to stare directly at her.

Was he only reassuring himself that the curtains in the lighted living-room were drawn and unobserving or had Mrs. Dimmock told him that she



"Can I help?" Harriet asked when Mrs. Marrable told her of Mrs. Dimmock's slight accident.

had found the postcard in the mailbox?

It wasn't the pleasantest of thoughts. Even while Harriet was thinking of it the man recommenced his rapid stride. A few minutes later there was the faint unmistakable slam of a car door. They would have taken precautions, of course, against the unexpected return of Mrs. Marrable.

Harriet discovered that she did not want to sit alone in the living-room tonight. She retreated to her bedroom, read until the print in her book began to slide, and was asleep almost as soon as her hand left the light switch. Twice in the night she woke to the scratch of nails on glass and the shudder of weight against wood, the seeking, determined sounds of the huge dog who knew the cottage.

In spite of an unaccustomed cordial, Mrs. Marrable returned to her house at nine-thirty. George and Julia did not accept her perfunctory invitation to come in.

The living-room had been immaculately tidied. The single lamp that was lit — Mrs. Dimmock was pleasantly considerate of the light bill — shone softly on her white curls, bent to her sewing. At Mrs. Marrable's entrance she bustled about, taking her employer's coat, switching on the lamp beside her chair, inquiring if it had been a nice evening.

"Very pleasant."

"Would you care for anything before you go to bed? One of those delicious-looking jellies they brought?"

"Well, yes, if I must have something," and Mrs. Dimmock went lightfootedly to the kitchen cupboard and returned.

Mrs. Marrable stretched out a hand and the lamplight seemed to rush into her mother's large solitaire. Slowly she drew her hand back; she said, "I believe it's too soon after dinner. Have one yourself, Mrs. Dimmock."

There was a queer little pause.

Then Mrs. Dimmock said, "Oh, may I?" and her scrubbed deft fingers hovered, dipped, chose a lemon jelly.

She bit into it, grimaced, and reached hastily into her sweater pocket for a handkerchief. When she could speak, she said, "It must be an acquired taste, but, oh, my!"

Mrs. Marrable, sitting coldly still in her chair, knew exactly what the fruit should taste like: sweet and cool, with an intriguing orchard tartness just under the surface. There was nothing in it to offend even an unaccustomed palate.

Was it possible that the jellies had spoiled somehow in the processing, or stayed too long on a specialty shop shelf? Was it possible —?

Mrs. Marrable had had to steel herself to do a number of unpleasant and dangerous things. Deliberately she reached into the glistening box, took an orange jelly and tasted it. It was ripe but delicate, with the faintest hint of the rind — exactly as it should be.

Why was Mrs. Dimmock staring at her so curiously? With a brusque gesture Mrs. Marrable replaced the lid of the box, glanced at her watch, and rose. She took the box to her room, but she not eat any more. The lemon jellies were her favorites, as Julia and George knew, and if her nerves had not been on edge from the combination of the dog and the presence of Harriet Crewe behind her at dinner, she would have thought of the jellies herself and selected the lemon unerringly.

Balanced against that was the reassuring thought: They wouldn't dare. (But what better time, thought Mrs. Marrable, almost professionally?) On her birthday, when they had brought her expensive gifts, taken her out, been seen bending affectionately toward her at dinner? And as far as not daring went, was it here that Harriet Crewe — the convenient stranger so

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The web of guilt grows — part two of our serial

By **URSULA CURTISS**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 23, 1964



# The Ride Back

Suddenly her failure ceased to be important... a short short story

By **BEGONIA SPIECHOWICZ**



**W**EARILY the young girl climbed into the bus and sank into the nearest seat. Hands folded dejectedly across her lap, she peered through the smeared window as her thoughts raced on bitterly.

What am I going to do now? Oh, I hate that dancing master—him and his moralising. As though I didn't know dancing was an exacting career. But how can I face my friends—after telling them he would definitely give me an audition in his new play? Shrinking still farther into her seat she heaved a deep sigh and shifted her gaze toward the other passengers.

The monotony was suddenly broken by the entrance of a bedraggled, patched-up piece of manhood about five feet ten, with shaggy mien, swarthy face, and chipped teeth. Heartily he slapped the bus-conductor on the back and bellowed, "G'day, mate."

Brenda eyed him with bored interest. His unkempt appearance was heightened by his blackened nails, tattered, paint-smeared trousers, over which the ends of a grimy shirt struggled to keep from bursting open.

She moved hastily closer to the window. "Oh, no," she thought, "he is going to sit beside me. And there are lots of spare seats in the bus. Just my luck."

Boisterously, he sat down with a resounding crash, then clamped a cheap old pipe into his mouth and commenced puffing. Gripping it between his jaws, he turned to Brenda, who was gazing fixedly at nothing in particular, and said: "Lovely day, ain't it, Miss?"

Pretending she had not heard him, Brenda began adjusting her gloves and smoothing her shiny hair.

"Lovely day, ain't it, Miss?" repeated her companion.

With great condescension, Brenda primly replied: "Very nice, thank you."

"Ah, yes, just the sort o' day we 'ad when I was a kid," he went on, apparently not noticing her coolness.

Uncomfortably, Brenda shifted in her seat with her body stiffly upright. Honestly, who does he think he is? She reflected, looking furtively around the bus to see if the other occupants were conscious of this uninhibited being next to her. Lifting her small reticent nose in the air and sniffing, she glanced surreptitiously at the thonged coarse feet near her tidy, elegant ones; at the powerfully built legs and cracked hands, ingrained with dirt. Then her gaze reaching his face she found he was curiously watching her.

"Yer know, I've been livin' in these parts for nigh on thirty years, yet I've never seen a day like this." Sun shinin', flowers a'openin' everywhere. Yes, sir, spring's early this time. What's yer fav'rite flower, Miss?"

Somewhat disconcerted by the abruptness of this question, Brenda surprised herself by answering, "Roses!"

Then promptly receded back into her shell, still a little amazed that such a speech should come from such an uncouth fellow.

"Roses, hmmm, a delicate thing fittin' for one such as you. I rather favor violets, meself."

Violets! He likes violets! This man?

"Yes, sir, there ain't no other plant same as that there violet. Real gentle-like and fragile. M'mother always preferred them above everythin' else. She was a grand woman. Brought us up with no father just as if she had enough love for both."

Brenda felt awkward hearing the raucous voice taking on this note of tenderness. He continued, softly.

"Now yer see that shoppin' centre over there on yer right?" Automatically she glanced through the window at the ultra-modern shops and numerous colorful displays.

"Well, I remember the good times me and me brothers and kid sister 'ad there before it became built up so. Right about the spot where you see the butchers used to be a grand waterhole, surrounded by a coupla gums."

He laughed. "You should've been there when Mum caught us all playin' hooky. There we were splashin' away and dunkin' each other. Young Billy was chasin' the girls with a dead frog that he'd found under a rock, and they were all squawkin' and yellin'. All of a sudden y'd looms Mum with one of the neighbors. It seems they'd

come lookin' for kindlin' wood." Again he gave a hearty laugh. "That night our behinds got a tannin' that would've skinned a rabbit."

Even she laughed over this reminiscence. By now she felt completely at ease. Although only a small girl when her parents had first moved here, she did recall those early days; the work that went into clearing the land, building a home, the scrimping and saving.

Excitedly, but in a tremulous voice, she said: "Did you ever go down Verger's Lane?" referring to one of the many forgotten dirt roads winding through the bush.

"Why, yes, Miss. I even knew the ol' parson himself. Us kids called him an ogre cause he had such a gruff voice and protrudin' eyes. When he passed away, everyone said the ghost of his restless spirit would haunt the cottage if the wind blew from the west. It was that way when they buried the poor thing."

"But," replied Brenda confidently, "we often go there for picnics. The house is tumbling down and now wildflowers and honeysuckle are growing freely. It looks quite peaceful and safe to me."

"Ah, but you haven't been there some dark, foggy night," he confided.

"Well, no!" Brenda whispered nervously.

Slowly she looked up at him. Then smiled broadly. It was only evident for a minute, but no one could mistake that twinkle in his eyes. And come to think of it, he did have friendly eyes, with fine laughter crinkles around them. Funny how she hadn't noticed it before.

Impulsively and unthinkingly she asked: "Do you have any children?" Immediately feeling embarrassed she lowered her head.

"If only I had the chance, Miss." Then changing his tone he continued: "Have you and your friends ever seen that tiny waterfall tucked behind the thicket near the cottage barn? I swear I've never seen water so clear and sparklin'. It looks just like there was all these little bits o' sunshine captured there." Then not waiting for Brenda's reply, her companion rose. Brenda raised her head in surprise.

"Well, Miss, I gotta get out 'ere. Yer've been mighty nice listenin' to my wanderin's. See yer 'gain, mate," he boomed to the conductor and stepped out.

The young girl sat there, his resonant voice echoing through the steady drone of the motor. She was just another passenger on the bus. Only she felt the difference. Alighting from the steps several stops later, if you watched carefully, there was a spring in her bearing, a smile in her eyes. She crossed the road and walked through the white wrought-iron gate. Her mother, opening the front door, called anxiously: "Did you get that job, dear?"

"Well, actually, no, Mother... but I did meet the nicest man. He was so friendly and poetical. He told me about that old parson, and how he'd had such good times as a boy. Did you know that a..."

The woman interrupted, not understanding the girl's happiness.

"But, Brenda, what are you going to do about your career?"

Brenda answered with deliberation.

"I've discovered something today, Mother. I must work for what I really want, and then if I reach my goal, I will know I really deserve it. I learnt something else today, too, that I think is even more important than getting that audition. I learnt I must be tolerant toward everyone I meet. I hope if I ever do get to the top I will always be friends with the ones who haven't quite succeeded."

The mother listened quietly to her daughter, marvelling a little at this new sign of maturity. "Do you still want to be a dancer?"

"Oh, yes, Mother! But now I'm willing to try the smaller companies. Nothing is going to stop me from making you proud of me. I'm going to work very hard and I will be a good dancer."

She threw her arms about her mother and together they walked into the neat, compact house. The door closed.

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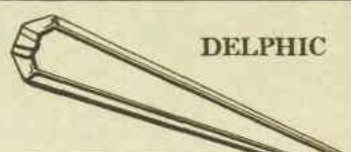
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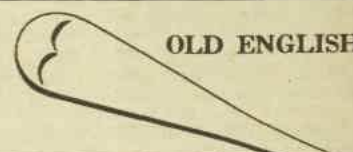
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 23, 1964





## LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Useful hours of leisure

MAY I suggest to "Mother" (N.S.W.) that one way to combat loneliness is to join your local Girl Guides as a Guider, either Brownies or Guides, whichever age group appeals to you most. There you will meet other Mums and other Guiders, as well as the girls. Previous inexperience is no bar, as training is available and Guiders are all ages. The range of interests covered by this movement is wide and absorbing.

£1/1/- to "Wirmul" (name supplied), Newborough, Vic.

MY whole life has changed since I joined a bowling club. For seven months of the year there is always plenty of interest and happy times. I'm also on hospital auxiliaries, etc., and there are plenty of card days and outings. The average outlay per week is about 12/-, but it's worth it.

£1/1/- to "Eileen" (name supplied), Reservoir, Vic.

THERE is no need to feel lonely while so many organisations like the hospital auxiliary, C.W.A., Crippled Children, and Legacy, etc., are looking for new members. Joining one of these would not only fill each day with new interests but she would make wonderful friends, and, like many of us, find the days not long enough for all we want to do.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Miller, Gosford, N.S.W.

WHEN my family all married I felt like "Mother," lost. At a friend's suggestion I rejoined the school mothers' club, and am at the tuckshop one morning a fortnight, thoroughly enjoying it. I also take two brothers from orphanages for all their holidays. They call our place "home," and we love having them.

£1/1/- to "Madeline" (name supplied), Seabrook, Vic.

I WENT to the local council to offer my services part-time. I visit sick elderly folk and look after young families whose mothers are ill. I am rewarded by gratitude, and make many friends. I also wrote to an elderly people's home, and now correspond regularly with lonely old folk.

£1/1/- to "Content" (name supplied), Koramburra, Vic.

AS you are active and healthy you would be the ideal person to start a club for other lonely women. Your home could be the meeting place at first. Later you could alternate between homes or have picnics or lunch in town.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Camilleri, Mackay, Qld.

### One for every home

I SUPPOSE it is their lively imagination that enables children to give wonderfully pat names to things around them. My three-year-old son has "pretties" (nonpareils) on his porridge, uses a "stander" (a small pouffe) to reach for things on the table. But the most imaginative one is a large concrete-mixer which he calls the "housewinder." It has now become a household word with us.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Moyle, Campbelltown, N.S.W.

### Should not be on the road

WE were talking of cars and the increasing number of accidents on the road when one woman said, "It's the good drivers who have the worst records, though. A really frightful driver is given such a wide berth that he never has the chance to have an accident." Maybe she is right.

£1/1/- to "At the Wheel" (name supplied), Cheltenham, N.S.W.

### The cup that cheers

FURTHER to Miss M. Williams' letter about the old recipe of oatmeal and water for those doing heavy work. When I was young a large billy of water with half a cup of oatmeal in it was sent down the paddock to men who were harvesting. It was more welcome than the tea that came at four o'clock, and the men claimed that as well as quenching thirst it was a pick-me-up.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Gale, Black Rock, Vic.

### ... and cools

I HAVE been making the oatmeal recipe for 14 years, and my in-laws were making it before me, realising the value during the summer months. It's my belief that we here would not get through the worst months of summer without the oatmeal, water, and sugar.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Cecil D. Munn, Lang-Koop, Vic.

### Credit squeeze

NOW that we are nearing the change-over to decimal currency, would it not be a nice idea if parents saved one of each coin now in use for their children to keep as souvenirs? The cost would only amount to 3/10½ for each child.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Carr, Applecross, W.A.

## Ross Campbell writes...

### PYJAMAS, by and large, don't do anything for you.

I exclude the shortie variety, which look nice on the right person. But how few are right! One of the most touching lonely hearts letters I have read began: "Am I too old for shortie pyjamas?"

I don't think anyone will contradict me angrily if I say that most men look silly in pyjamas. That is the case even when the pyjama cord is in good working order.

The cord, unfortunately, tends to go out of order. It disappears. One day both ends of your pyjama cord are there. The next day one end has quietly, shyly withdrawn into its little tunnel. It goes there like a frightened tortoise's neck retreating into the shell.

Nobody knows why this happens, or when it will happen. But it always does, eventually.

If you are a slim person, like my son, there is a simple way to meet the emergency. You write the cord off and tie a knot in the front of the pyjamas.

In my case this is no longer possible. Consequently when I found, a few nights ago, that my pyjama

### PYJAMA GAME

cord had done its timid-tortoise act, I felt uneasy.

But I was too tired to do anything about it. I just held the pyjamas up "manually"—as motor-ing experts say—and got into bed.

I woke up at dawn when I heard a rumbling noise in the street outside. It was the garbage truck



approaching, and I remembered that I had not put out the tin.

Leaping from the bed in panic, I forgot that my pyjama cord was unserviceable. The pants fell at once to my knees. I lurched and saved myself from falling by grabbing the telephone receiver.

Hoisting the garment up again, I ran out to the garbage tin. It was jammed full (we had just had a



## THAT'S WHAT THE MAN SAID

• Current Hollywood playboy Argentinian actor Alejandro Rey says he is tired of glamorous night-life. "You grow weary of conversations with beautiful women," he told a reporter. "Romance can become a bore. I would like a wife and lots of children to come home to at night."

When you're bringing in the washing  
Just before it starts to rain,  
And you wish you were a beauty  
Who refuels on champagne,  
Like the slinky sort of models  
Who abound in hair-spray ads,  
Ever husky-voiced and dreamy,  
Ever courted by the lads,  
May it be some solid comfort  
(If a source of mild surprise)  
That a fellow who is gazing  
In a glamor girl's wide eyes  
At some ritzy cafe table,  
Where he cuts a matching dash,  
Would prefer your kitchen alcove  
Eating sausages and mash.

—DOROTHY DRAIN

### Lucky numbers

MY parents were married on September 18, my sister was married on September 18, and last September 18 her daughter was married. We were four daughters, two with birthdays on the 18th and two on the 28th. We have had eight children between us. Raffle tickets with plenty of eights clutter up our homes—without success. But I'm still hoping to win £8000.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Westlund, Floreat Park, W.A.



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GiGi  
and she'll  
feel  
she's in  
Paris

GiGi  
Talc  
&  
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Talc, Skin Perfume & concentrate 32/6





# Special Christmas wine order form!

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Ordered your Christmas wines yet? Make your selection right now — here from this page! All you do is indicate your needs on this order form — and take to your nearest Penfolds retailer. Easy! You will save hours in the hectic weeks before Christmas.



## Order your wines with confidence from this list:

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- PENFOLDS Mantilla Medium Dry Sherry — not so dry but a delightful bouquet. ☐
- PENFOLDS Royal Reserve Sweet Sherry — a smooth easy-drinking sweet sherry. ☐
- PENFOLDS Mantilla Cream Sherry — a light, sweet sherry with a creamy flavour. ☐
- PENFOLDS Royal Reserve Port — a rich, warm tawny dessert wine. ☐
- PENFOLDS 'Five Star' Club Port — a tawny port for the true connoisseur. ☐

### SPARKLING WINES

- MINCHINBURY White Seal Champagne — a classic champagne — perfect for all festive occasions. ☐
- MINCHINBURY Sparkling Burgundy — a sparkling red wine, slightly sweeter than champagne. ☐

Bottles

- MINCHINBURY Sparkling Moselle — a bottle fermented sparkling white wine, fruity and sweet. ☐

### TABLE WINES

- DALWOOD Hermitage (Claret) — a light dry red wine. ☐
- DALWOOD Burgundy — a full soft dry red wine. ☐
- DALWOOD Chablis — a full fresh crisp dry white wine. ☐
- DALWOOD White Burgundy — a full-bodied dry white wine. ☐
- PENFOLDS Minchinbury Rhine Riesling — a light refreshing dry white wine. ☐
- PENFOLDS Eden Valley Moselle — a delicate slightly sweet white wine. ☐
- PENFOLDS Graves — a light white wine of medium sweetness. ☐
- PENFOLDS Royal Sauternes — a rich sweet white wine. ☐

Bottles

**\*HALF GALLON DECANTERS** (Flagons in S.A. and W.A.)  
Many of Penfolds popular wines are available in half gallon decanters/flagons — ask your retailer for a full list. \*Not available in Q'ld.

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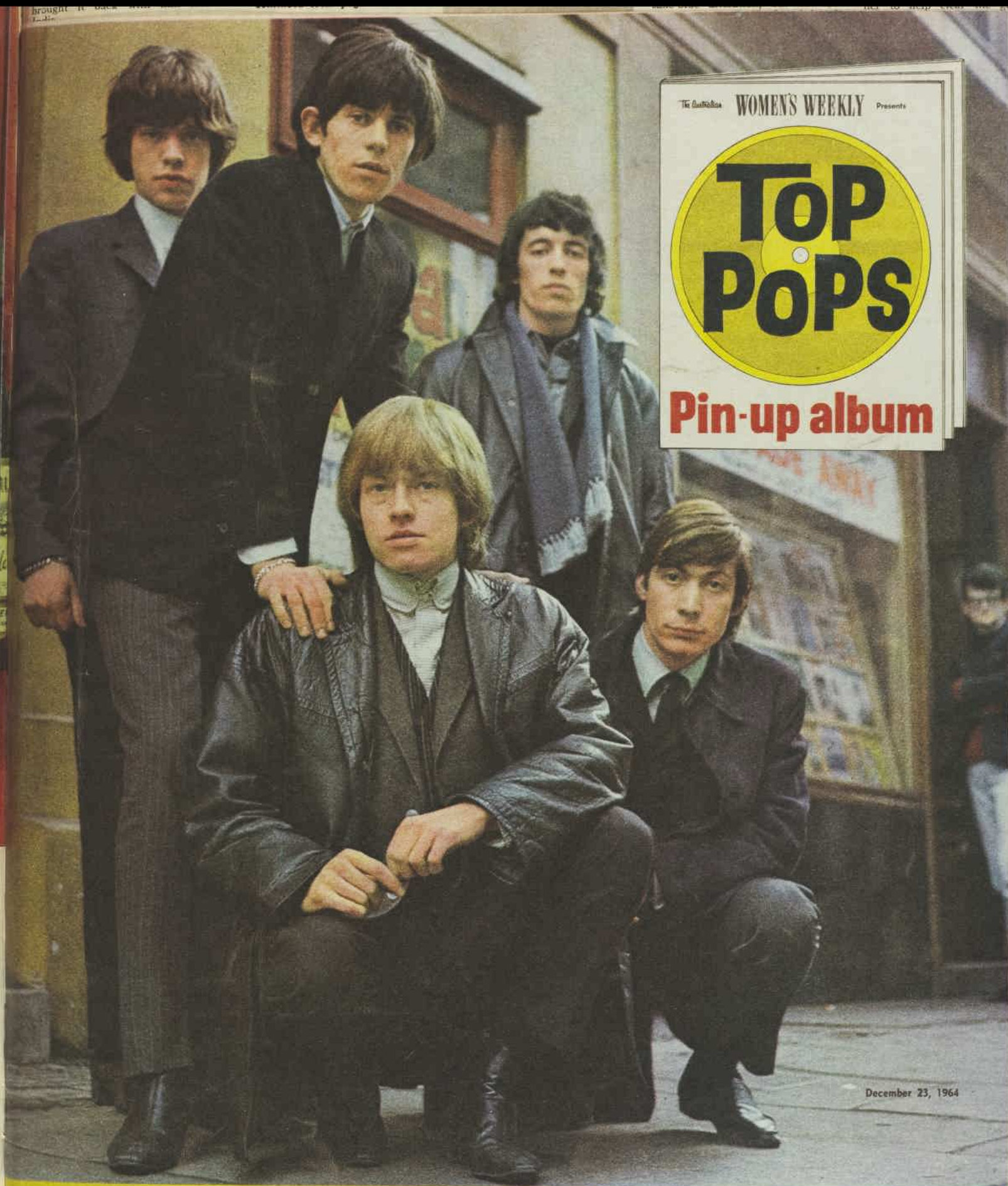
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 23, 1964





The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

**TOP  
POPS**

**Pin-up album**

December 23, 1964

## THE ROLLING STONES

● Recently voted number one vocal group in a British pop music poll, The Rolling Stones are well on their way to becoming international favorites. There are five of them (back row, from left to right), Mick Jagger, Keith Richard, Bill Wyman, and (kneeling, from left) Brian Jones and Charlie Watts. One of the highest paid British pop groups, their discs, such as "Not Fade Away" and "It's All Over Now," have been hits. They plan to visit Australia in late January next year and then to make a film.





**LINDY LOU** Now 18 Lindy Lou (above) has been singing professionally for two years though she first sang duets on radio at the age of seven with her sister, Robyn Alvarez. Her break came when Robyn was unable to keep a club engagement and Lindy stood in for her. She has made several TV appearances and has toured interstate. She hopes to go overseas eventually. Lindy's sister, Robyn, is also a popular singer.



**THE BEE GEES** The three brothers (above), Barry and twins Maurice and Robin, came to Australia from Manchester, England, six years ago and are now one of this country's most popular vocal groups. In the past few months Barry has emerged as a successful songwriter, with many well-known singers recording his songs. Wayne Newton, the American singer, took eight numbers back to the States to show Bobby Darin.



#### JOHNNY CHESTER

● Johnny (right) has jumped into the national spotlight with his own television show, "Teen Scene." Johnny is from Melbourne, where he has had a large following for three years. This has been Johnny's golden year. He married "the girl next door," appeared with The Beatles on their Australian tour, and his TV show is gaining in popularity each week all over Australia.

#### BOBBY COOKSON

● Bobby (left) is 22 years old and comes from Melbourne. He recently signed a long-term recording contract and his last single was "Freedom To Love" backed with "Money Honey." On tours to Sydney he has appeared on top national television shows, and in 1962 he appeared on the "Mark Wynter Show," which established him as a top young singing star.



Page 2 — Top Pops Pin-up Album

The Australian Woman's Weekly — December 23, 1964



**TOP  
POPS**



**THE AZTECS**

● Led by their lead singer Billy Thorpe (above, second from left), these five shaggy-haired boys have become the top "mod" group in Australia in less than a year. This year they toured Australia with England's Screaming Lord Sutch for a month.

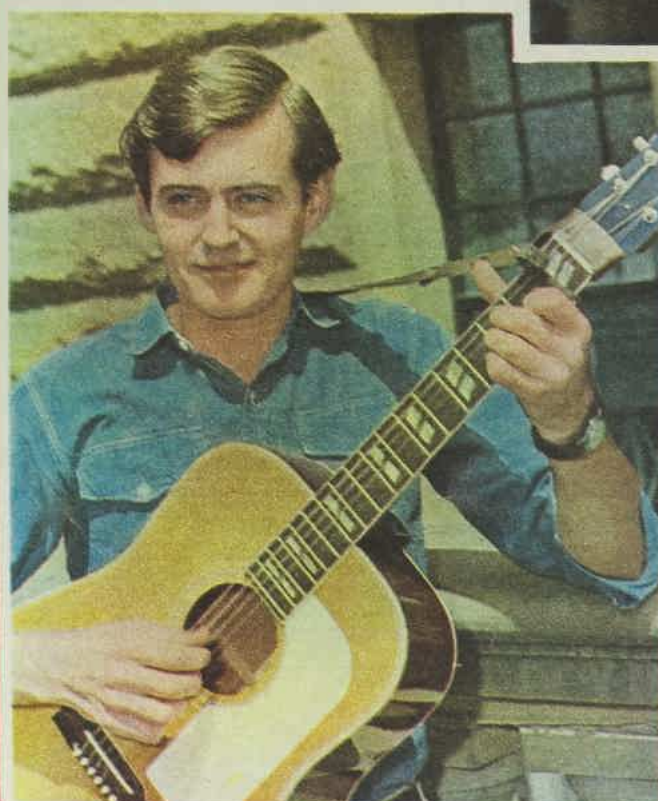
**JOHNNY DEVLIN**

● One of Australia's most popular singers since he arrived from his native New Zealand at the height of the rock era in 1959, Johnny (left) also helps his wife, Carol, run their theatrical and booking agency. They have two daughters.



**LITTLE PATTIE**

● Her real name is Patricia Amphlett, and she will be 16 next year. Pattie (above) began singing at Bronte Surf Club in Sydney. Her first record, "He's My Blond-Headed Stompie Wompie Real Gone Surfer Boy," landed Pattie the award for the best female vocal of 1963. Pattie makes regular TV appearances and tours interstate frequently.



**GARY SHEARSTON**

● Acknowledged as one of Australia's leading folk-singers, Gary (left) was born in Inverell, N.S.W., and now lives in Sydney. He goes interstate for concerts and folk festivals and sings regularly at Sydney's most popular folk centres. Gary has written many contemporary songs, some of which are on his latest LP album, "Songs Of Our Time."





#### DAVE CLARK FIVE

● Next to The Beatles, Dave Clark (left, centre back) leads the most popular British group. Dave Clark and the Five shot to the top with their first disc, "Glad All Over." Dave's American appearances have been sell-outs. He looks forward to visiting Australia next year.



#### THE HONEYCOMBS

● Honey Lantree, the girl drummer with The Honeycombs, used to be a hairdresser before she became a singer. The group's first hit was "Have I the Right." Tours, television appearances, and offers from Australia and America are keeping them busy.

**TOP  
POPS**

## SIX GREAT GROUPS



**MANFRED MANN** They must be the most popular group and submerges its individual identity behind the name "Manfred," they explain. Manfred in 1964, the group's first disc "5-4-3-2-1" put them on the British charts. Now American tours are in the offing, and they will be touring Australia in January next year with The Honeycombs (also pictured on this page).

The Australian Women's Weekly — December 23, 1964



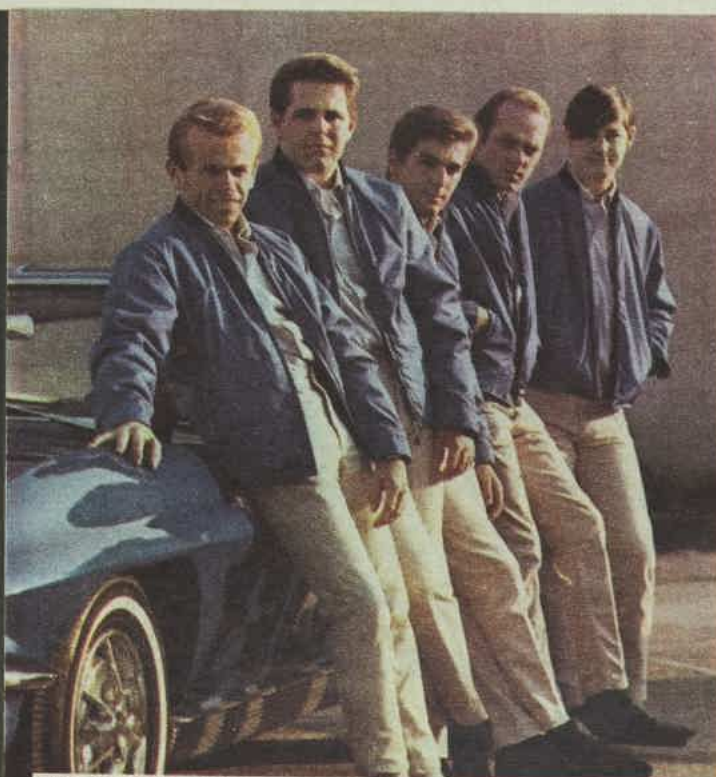
### THE BEATLES

● In less than two years The Beatles have become a legend in the pop world and their trail of success has been blazed across America, Europe, and Australia. Wealthy beyond their wildest dreams, they became big box-office on cinema screens all over the world with "A Hard Day's Night." Their success has paved the way for others and has made the Mersey beat famous.



**PETER, PAUL, AND MARY** Folk music has been the richest vein recently mined in the popular music idiom and no group has charmed the "Folkniks" more than Peter, Paul, and Mary. Mary has been in folk and pop groups since she was a teen, but Peter and Paul took up guitar strumming after graduating from university. "Billboard" magazine voted the trio top LP recording artists in the U.S.

The Australian Women's Weekly — December 23, 1964



**THE BEACH BOYS** They live in California, and the beaches there gave The Beach Boys their name and the subject of most of their songs: surfing. In 1963, two of them wrote "Surfin'" which became a best-seller—reason enough for them to form a group and sign an exclusive recording contract. Their latest LP is called "Little Deuce Coupe" and is about the Beach Boys' other interest—hot-rod cars.

Top: Paul Peters — Album — Page 3



**TOP  
POPS**



**COL JOYE** Col is one of the highest paid artists in Australia and gathers huge crowds at each of his personal appearances. He began as a rock singer, but now has a more sophisticated image—but he still swings! He tours Australia regularly, taking with him supporting stars, and appears frequently on top TV shows. Col and his brother Kevin Jacobsen run Col Joye Enterprises, a family business concern which manages and promotes Col and the Joy Boys as well as many other top Australian artists. Col is the most eligible bachelor on the pop scene.



**MILLIE** Life is always fun for 16-year-old Millie, the Jamaican girl who shot to pop stardom with her first disc, "My Boy Lollipop." Her happy grin and infectious laugh have won her fans on both sides of the Atlantic, though she lives in England. One of eleven children, Millie's ambition is simple—"When I get the really big money I'll buy some land and bring my family over," and that probably won't take long.



**LESLEY GORE** At a friend's 16th-birthday party Lesley sang "It's My Party." Adults and teens at the party were so impressed with Lesley's way with a song that she was urged to make a tape of her song and send it to a recording company. The 16-year-old strawberry blonde was immediately signed to an exclusive recording contract. The next time she sang "It's My Party" it was her own 17th birthday and the song was then a top hit. Her next discs were also high on the charts.



**DUSTY SPRINGFIELD** When the Springfields vocal group broke up, few people were able to foresee that Dusty would carve a name for herself as a solo star. Yet at 23 and with only a couple of big hits behind her, Dusty has done just that. "I Only Want to be With You" and "I Don't Know What to do With Myself" put her into the international charts. Australia and America welcomed her, and Dusty's ambition to be an international star of stage and screen is coming true.





#### JUDY STONE

● Judy started as a Country and Western singer, then discarded her guitar and turned pop. However, Judy is at home with almost any type of number. She tours Australia regularly with Col Joye, and this year a trip to New Guinea to film a special "Bandstand" and a train tour through Queensland were highlights. Friends expect Judy to announce her engagement to Leo De Kroo soon.



#### ROB E. G.

● This has been a good year for Rob. He compered his own national TV show, "Surf Sound," and he had his first big vocal hit—"When You're Not Near." Rob toured Australia extensively and made several nightclub appearances as well as appearing on top national television shows. Rob is in England now to see Brian Epstein, who auditioned him during The Beatles' Australian tour this year.



#### DINAH LEE

● Dinah catapulted to international stardom with her first disc, "Don't You Know Yockomo?" A trained classical pianist, she made her singing debut in her father's cabaret and then cut her hit disc. Dinah flew to Sydney for appearances on "Sing Sing Sing" and was then signed to appear with The Searchers, Eden Kane, Del Shannon, and Peter and Gordon on their recent Australian tour.

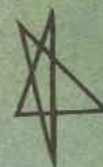


#### CILLA BLACK

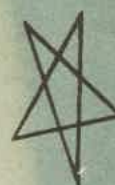
Cilla, whose name was Priscilla White till Epstein renamed her, as "her voice sounded deep and black," was working as a typist and singing at night in a small club. This club was also frequented by an unknown foursome—The Beatles, and one lunch-hour Epstein asked Cilla to sing with them. This was the audition that resulted in a contract and set her on the road to the top. Her first disc was written by The Beatles, "Love of the Loved" and only just made the charts. Then she recorded "Anyone Who Had a Heart," which swept into the number one position, making her the first girl in three years to occupy the top slot on the English charts. Plans for the future include her debut in a musical comedy and an Australian tour if possible.



TOP  
POPS



# ELVIS IS STILL A TOP STAR



**ELVIS PRESLEY** was a teenagers' idol in the 1950s—and he has shown remarkable staying power. This year he has been very much in the shadow of The Beatles, who have swept all before them, but he still has a great many fans throughout the world. Paramount is finding steady employment for the sideburned singer from Nashville, Tennessee, and his latest two movies, "Kissin' Cousins" and "Fun in Acapulco," paid him three-quarters of a million dollars apiece. He has sold some 15 million dollars' worth of records and is as welcome as ever at the recording studios. A car fanatic, he recently added a Rolls-Royce to his large collection of Cadillacs.

From "The Elvis Presley Album"

The Australian Women's Weekly—December 23, 1964



through the hall. The colonel had brought it back with him from India.

The old dog had stopped howling, but Stephen saw a chink of light under a door at the end of the passage. He went in and collided with Amanda, who was just coming out, the old dog beside her.

"Hush, it's only me," she said urgently. "He gets lonely and howls and then father is angry. So I come down and take him up with me."

"I thought he was Serena's body-guard."

"He always has slept in her room and gone everywhere with her, but now she's turned him out and he can't understand why, poor Barney. He snores, Serena says. And smells." She patted his head gently when she had to say that cruel word.

"And does he?" asked Stephen, half solemn, half laughing.

"Well, perhaps a little. I don't really mind. I can't bear to hear him howling, or to have them talk about how painlessly they do it nowadays." Her voice shook when she said that, and she changed the subject quickly. "What are you doing with that knife?" she asked uneasily.

"Preparing to attack the burglar. What do you suppose would happen if we crept down to the kitchen and made some tea?"

The kitchen fire still glowed red in the old-fashioned range. There were a basket chair and a rocking chair and a scrubbed wooden table. Nothing shiny and white. Nothing modern. Mathilda liked things to be the way they had always been.

There was a rag rug and Barney lay on it. Stephen felt oddly happy and at home, brewing tea in a strange kitchen, and he looked at Amanda, seeing her for the first time. She wasn't pretty, like Serena, and she certainly wasn't brilliant. She's gentle, he thought, and kind.

## FROM THE BIBLE

• "Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

—Proverbs 4:10.

And, sitting there by candlelight opposite her, he thought of things that had not struck him before.

A day will come, he thought, when I shall grow old, and for all I know my legs may go, too. Snoring is something that can happen to anyone; and heaven help me, I might even be a little smelly. One can't be sure. No one knows what lies ahead for him.

In a dream the old dog yelped suddenly. Amanda stooped and laid a comforting hand on him. Stephen knew it was what she had done often before when doggy demons pounced in the darkness and he thought, I have my demons, too, and there will often be great need for a comforting hand to hold in the night.

"Serena wants a golden labrador," Amanda was saying. "She's seen a puppy. He's awfully sweet, but I think it would break Barney's heart."

"Don't worry. I'll think of something," said Stephen. What could he possibly think of? she wondered, but she clutched at the hope.

"Oh, Stephen—can you?"

"You leave it to me," he said.

That night he dreamed a very curious dream. Serena came to him saying, "I'm sorry, Steve, but I've found someone else," and with her was a handsome young man in a good suit, the only strange thing about him being his long silken floppy ears and hazel golden labrador eyes.

"Someone woke me up last night roaring with laughter," said the colonel angrily at breakfast.

"Well, that wasn't Barney, anyway," Amanda said comfortingly.

Stephen helped himself to sausages off the hot plate, with the happy feeling of one who has teetered on the brink of an abyss and got home safe after all.

Continued from page 25

## THE OLD DOG

"I was looking for you," she told him gaily. "You must come and see! The sweetest thing. Look, that's the dog I mean to have next." And then she said crossly, "What is there to laugh at?"

How could she know that the plump golden puppy sitting in somebody's motor-car was the image of the young man of his preposterous dream? She could not know and it was best she shouldn't!

It wasn't difficult to find the puppy's owner, since people tend to resemble the pets they keep. It wasn't difficult to arrange a purchase price, for there had been a litter of eight.

When he had everything fixed,

Stephen looked for Amanda. She had been around for a while in her saxe-blue alteration, but now she had disappeared. He found her in the old nursery with Barney, who did not like company, either. She was sitting on the floor beside him, stroking his large head. That is how it would be, Stephen thought. When you wanted her, there she would be.

"I've fixed it," he told her. "You needn't worry. My mother will have him. She doesn't mind about his being old. She's old herself and they can keep each other company, and you can go along and see him whenever you feel like it and write and tell me how he's getting on."

He took the paw Barney obligingly offered him and shook it warmly.

"One good turn deserves another," said Stephen.

Amanda did not know what he meant, and her mother was calling her to help clear the glasses, so there wasn't time to ask; and, anyway, sheer relief always made her slightly tearful.

Later that night Stephen finally rearranged his presents. For Mrs. Blandon, the Indian scarf. For Amanda, the chocolates. And for Serena, the fat golden labrador puppy which was to be delivered early on Christmas morning in a wicker basket.

The ring, he took out of its case and stood for a little while, looking at it thoughtfully. The stone was exactly the color of Amanda's eyes. Funny he had never noticed that before. He put the little box aside with his passport and traveller's cheques and one or two things not needed just at the moment.

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## TOP BRASS



**ABOVE:** Actor-writer-director Peter Ustinov with his wife, Suzanne, in a nightclub. A recent role was as an alcoholic being treated in a clinic in "The Spies."



**AT LEFT:** Shirley MacLaine with producer husband Steve Parker. In her new film, "What a Way to Go," she wears about 70 outfits, worth £250,000, and a fantastic series of hairstyles. Another new film: "The Yellow Rolls-Royce."



**BELOW:** Leslie Caron, recently divorced from Stratford-on-Avon director Peter Hall, returned to America to star with Cary Grant in "Father Goose." Dress by Dior.



# GLITTER AT NIGHT IN HOLLYWOOD

● Hollywood, once the film capital, is challenged by other cities. But it's still a great centre of film-making for the world's cinema and TV screens, and the stars enjoy being photographed wining and dining one another — as always through Hollywood history.



**RITA HAYWORTH** says she's through with playing glamor roles, but this Hollywood candid shot doesn't mar the image she built up over the years as a top box-office attraction. She is starred in "Circus World" with John Wayne and Claudia Cardinale.



**ABOVE: Natalie Wood** (Maria of "West Side Story") with fiance Arthur Loew, jun., one of the family that formerly controlled M.G.M. She stars in the just-filmed version of best-seller "Sex and the Single Girl."

**AT RIGHT: Edward G. Robinson**, long since typed as a gangster, has a beard that makes him look more like Ernest Hemingway.



**BELOW: Debbie Reynolds** with Harve Presnell, her co-star in "The Unsinkable Molly Brown."



**EDDIE FISHER** in the past few months has been the constant escort of American socialite Miss Pamela Turnure, former Press aide to Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy. They've appeared together at society gatherings from New York City to a Florida racecourse.







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# How to mix Christmas cheer and relatives ...

● For years I viewed the coming of Christmas with dread. As my husband's sister and two brothers were all living overseas, it was our task to entertain our two widowed mothers and all the miscellaneous lonely relations and friends — and the trouble was that they were such an ill-assorted lot.

SO much so that toward the end of each Christmas Day our home positively seethed with rivalry, snide remarks, and ill-disguised bad temper.

Our four children reacted to this, as children will to such an atmosphere, by behaving very badly indeed.

Through it all, I slaved away in the kitchen, grimly trying to keep the peace while the grandmothers (darlings by themselves) fought polite but deadly duels over who was to carry in the lamingtons or tie on the youngster's bib.

Auntie Min (not a real aunt, but an old family friend), who had spent all her working life as a private secretary to an oil-man, would wander about fed to the back teeth with the disorganisation apparent everywhere.

## Like sawdust

And Cousin Harriet—who before her husband's death had lived a full and comfortable life on the large sheep station they owned, and whose cooking had benefited by having unlimited eggs, butter, and milk at her disposal—all unwittingly turned

my cake-mix cupcakes, filled with reduced cream, to sawdust in our mouths as she told tales of the largesse at her table.

There came a time a few years ago when I simply could not stand the idea of another Christmas like that.

My husband, children, and I held a council of war on the subject.

It seemed to us that the whole essence of the festive season should be sharing and peaceful co-existence.

We felt that we needed to make each of these elderly relatives — all of whom had capably run their lives in the past—active participants in our communal get-together and not just frustrated observers.

Most of them were not capable of working under pressure at the last moment, but we felt that all could surely contribute if notified well in advance.

To this end we confided in Auntie Min, "the business one."

She was asked to make a list of the specialty of each of the Christmas group and to work out how each person's talent could be used in such a way that each could have her little moment of triumph.

Auntie Min was delighted to have a job to do, and

early in November came up with some really good suggestions.

Cousin Harriet was asked if she could make the Christmas cake if we provided the ingredients.

The recipe, decorating, etc., was left entirely to her, and when she came in her taxi on Christmas morning she found a side-table was reserved specially for it. And the decoration of that table and later the cutting and serving of the cake belonged solely to her.

One grandmother, who lived nearby, came up on Christmas morning to arrange the flowers, and she made a superb job of them.

## A pink cloud

As she lives in a tiny flat now it gave her immense joy to be able really to spread herself with the floral art, and the pink cloud enveloped her all through Christmas Day.

My own mother wrapped homemade sweets and made bonbons, and these were placed on another side-table for her to preside over later in the afternoon.

Auntie Min's coup-de-thumping, however, was the production of an elderly friend of hers who was an accomplished violinist.

## READERS' STORIES

(The writers of the two stories on this page have supplied their names and addresses but wish to be anonymous).

He came to tea and so provided the welcome diversion of a new face at the end of the day. Afterwards he played for us.

As with the others, it was entirely his show, and he played a programme of his own choice.

We decided on this complete control of each job to each person, as all element of surprise is lost—and, incidentally, all the pleasure for the participants—if the hostess interferes.

As Auntie Min said: "Delegate authority and don't fiddle! Pick the best person for the job and then 'hands off!'"

As we sat in the dusk listening to that wonderful

old man play the violin, I looked at the faces.

There was such an atmosphere of quiet contentment there. The joy of having contributed to the happy day was evident in each one, and the children had felt the spirit of the occasion and had been angels all day.

I truly felt that we had come a little closer to understanding the immense possibilities of the blessing "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men," and since then we have planned each Christmas on the same lines.

I can honestly say that we now look forward with great excitement to the festive season instead of with that old dread.

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KNIT IN COMFORT



# AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● This week I've unwillingly spent about half my time talking on the telephone. I've decided that, in the wrong hands, the telephone is an instrument of torture almost as painful as the dentist's drill.

THE reason for all this telephoning was that one of those mothers' committee things had gone wrong after holidays had begun, so it was too late to send home notices about new arrangements in schoolcases and schoolbags.

This was probably a good thing — since notices sent that way are likely to stay in the schoolcases for weeks or months.

It was a good thing for the people who were to receive the messages, anyway — but perhaps not so good for the two unwary volunteers who offered to make thirty calls each.

I began my part of the job with the highest ideals. I would telephone all these people in mid-morning or in mid-afternoon, not close to meal-times or in the evenings, when they'd probably be in the middle of entertaining visitors or watching their favorite television programmes.

I soon discovered that at this time of year mid-morning and mid-afternoon are the times when you can absolutely bank on not getting any reply to your calls.

I also discovered that almost nobody teaches their children how to answer a telephone.

Or if they do, their children soon give it up in favor of their own technique. You ring the number and a small boy answers "Hullo."

"May I speak to Mrs. Blank," you say.

"She's out."

"Could you tell me what time she'll be home?"

"Don't know."

You know perfectly well that Mrs. Blank is a reasonably responsible person, and it's unlikely that she's left without telling her son whether she has gone shopping for a couple of hours or whether she's on an extended trip to the South Seas, but there's no way that you can find out, because all he wants to do is get rid of you and get back to whatever he was doing when the telephone rang.

So you move on to the next number on your list.

Mrs. Dash is at home, and answers the phone herself. You're in luck, you think.

You come straight to the point, explaining how the arrangements have had to be altered, and cunningly make it known that you have twenty-nine other people to ring.

It does you no good! She wants to discuss the merits of the new arrangements as compared with the old; she lets you know in detail how she'll have to reorganise her entire week to fit them in; she says, "Will you hang on for a moment," and goes away for five minutes, coming back on with no comment except "Sorry — now where were we?"

Whatever momentous event took her away (perhaps the house was on fire, or one of the neighbors was giving premature birth to a child?) has put everything right out of her mind, and you have to start practically at the beginning again.

Nobody has ever told her that the person who makes the call has the right to end it, all your obvious closing remarks are ignored, and she goes on and on.

At length you get rid of her, cross her thankfully off your list, and dial again.

A voice answers and you say, "May I speak to Mrs. Dot, please."

Irritation with Mrs. Dash has made you dial a wrong number in your efforts to get hold of Mrs. Dot and actually you're on to someone whose name is Rumpelstiltskin, but do they tell you it's a wrong number? Not likely. They say, "Who's speaking?"

So you tell them who's speaking, and thinking Mrs. Dot may be one of those who refuses to come to the phone without knowing who wants her for what, you give a brief resume of what you want to speak to her about.

"Wrong number," the person on the other end says irritably and hangs up in your ear, deafening you for the next few minutes.

You check the number, dial more carefully, and try again. "Who's speaking," a voice says when you ask for Mrs. Dot.

You answer that one, and you're told she's out.

You're left with the nasty suspicion that she's in to some people and out to others, or else that the person answering the phone is an incurable sticky-beak.

Why not say she's out straight away and leave it at that; or else say she's out and then ask who's speaking and whether there's a message.

You try Mrs. Hyphen. Her phone is answered by a three-year-old. You don't know its name, you don't know whether it's a male or female, but it's an engaging child and it tells you what it hopes Father Christmas will bring.

Unfortunately it doesn't speak into the mouthpiece, or

maybe it's got a lisp or a lump of toffee in its mouth, so the conversation is fairly uphill work.

At intervals you say persuasively, "Will you go and get Mummy now?"

At length it goes, and you wait and wait and wait, but nothing ever happens and nobody ever comes back.

You ring Mrs. Query. A voice says, "Query residence, Mrs. Query speaking."

This throws you into confusion. The first half of the sentence has made you wonder whether the Querys have a huge staff of servants; the second half makes you wonder whether Mrs. Query has delusions of grandeur.

Why not "Hullo" as a perfectly good answer on a private phone? Or "QN3217" if you believe in saving time by an immediate identification?

Another thing I discovered by making all these calls was that a lot of people never say "goodbye."

This adds considerably to your deafness by the end of a long session.

You've ended the conversation and said goodbye, you hold the receiver for that extra second so that they can reply "goodbye," and you won't be hanging up in their ear, and on your "goodbye" they promptly hang up in your ear.

The net result of all this is that I positively refuse to ring anyone up for any reason for at least a week, and that probably my own telephone manners will be much better in future, since I've learnt the hard way how irritating thoughtless telephone-answering can be.

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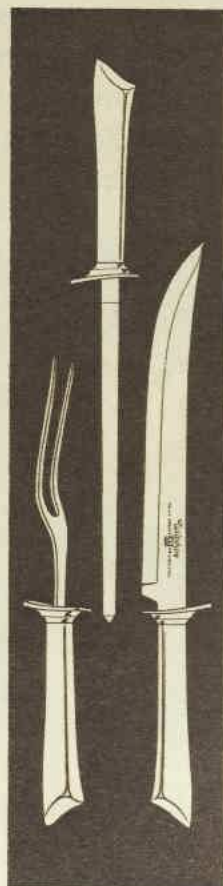
Choose your Christmas gifts from this beautiful range created for Australian homes by Australian craftsmen.

### Right: No. 701 'FIESTA' CHEF SET

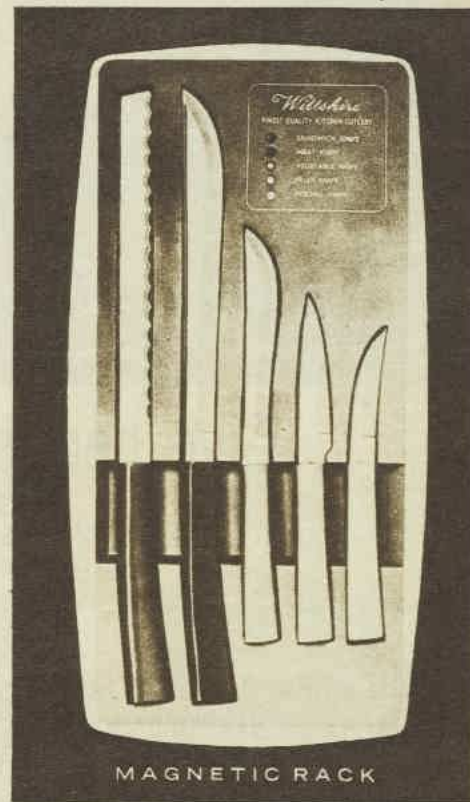
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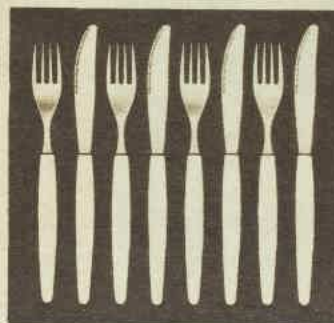


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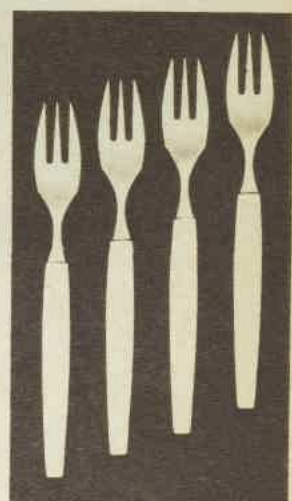
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# TREES THAT SAY "HAPPY CHRISTMAS"

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Particular plants become linked with many of the important things of life, and most countries adopt some as symbols of national and religious occasions — especially Christmas.

**I**N New South Wales a sprig of the delightful bright red or deep pink native Christmas bush (*Ceratopetalum gummiferum*) gives the finishing touch to many a decoration.

The Christmas bush is found naturally in coastal areas, and to a lesser extent in the Blue Mountains, as a shrub or small tree, occasionally reaching 30ft., but it is now widely grown as a garden shrub.

It is not always the easiest plant to establish, as it is rather exacting in its requirements and can be quite temperamental. It needs a well-drained, fairly sunny position, and does best on deep sandy loams with plenty of humus.

Other soils can be improved by the addition of sand, compost, and leaf-mould. It is desirable to keep the soil moist after the plants begin to flower in September and October until the end of the growing period.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 123

Light applications of animal manure, blood and bone, and superphosphate in spring help the plants. Some gardeners add a handful of iron sulphate to improve the flower color.

Pruning should be carried out at the end of the flowering season in early January, and can be heavy with vigorous plants.

New Zealand has not produced many trees with bright flowers, but it certainly has contributed one of great value in the New Zealand Christmas tree (*Metrosideros excelsa*).

This is also known in its home country as the pohutukawa. It is extensively planted in Australia, especially in coastal areas, and makes a brilliant picture with masses of fiery crimson bottlebrush-like flowers in summer.

It is one of the few trees which will stand up well to the constant winds and poor soil of the coastline, and is now deservedly popular in such areas.

Under favorable conditions it will reach 50ft. in height, but normally is

grown as a small tree up to 30ft. tall. It makes an excellent windbreak and can be kept cut back to form a good dense hedge.

Rather slow growing, and at times reluctant to put on its best show of flowers in some districts, it nevertheless is one of the best shrubs or small trees for coastal areas. There is a rare yellow-flowered variety found occasionally in New Zealand and also a beautifully variegated form which is fairly commonly grown.

The Western Australian Christmas tree (*Nuytsia floribunda*) is spectacular when in full bloom in summer, "painting the land with tongues of fire."

The trees are up to 30ft. high and are covered with masses of golden or orange-colored flowers, giving rise to another and very suitable common name, blaze tree.

This beautiful but strange tree is parasitic on the roots of other plants and for this reason is not often cultivated as a garden plant, and is rarely, if at all, listed by nursery-men.

It has been suggested that seeds gathered from natural plants could be

**METROSIDEROS EXCELSA**, New Zealand Christmas tree, known there as pohutukawa. It thrives by the sea.



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sown in a container with a host plant and, when established, should be planted out without disturbing the association.

*Prostanthera lasiantha*, one of the native mint-bushes, is the Victorian Christmas bush. A shrub or small tree up to 20ft. high, it produces masses of white or pale lilac flowers, often spotted with purple.

It is not confined to Victoria, but occurs in all States except Western



**CERATOPETALUM GUMMIFERUM**, Christmas bush of New South Wales. The true flowers, white and dainty, appear in spring and soon fall off. The red "flower" is really the enlarged calyx lobes which surround the small fruits.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 125

Australia, preferring good soil and plenty of moisture in summer.

Tasmania has selected a thorny subject for its Christmas tree. This is *Bursaria spinosa*, often known as the blackthorn, which varies in size from a shrub to small tree and has white, sweetly scented flowers.

In New South Wales its spiny growth and free seeding habits have brought it into some disfavor, for it has naturalised itself in some districts.

## Grow your own Christmas tree

Of course, most people when talking of Christmas trees have in mind not only the ones mentioned above but also the little tree that's placed with such care and affection in the home as the centre of decoration and on which the family presents are placed.

The demand for these trees is increasing, and many people have to be content with a branch wrested from some unfortunate pine tree.

It is a good idea to grow your own Christmas tree in a container, using it for several years as a tub plant on patios or elsewhere around the house until it has outgrown its container.

Then it can be moved to a permanent site in the garden, where the owner, prompted by the Christmas spirit, might like to illuminate it for the benefit of passers-by.

Conifers are traditionally the most popular for use as Christmas trees, and you have a wide range of choice. Almost any conifer makes a good tub plant in its early growth, but the most suitable for Christmas trees are



**NUYTSIA FLORIBUNDA**, the Christmas tree of W.A.

pinus, such as *Pinus radiata*, *Pinus patula*, and *Pinus canariensis*, and other conifers such as Norfolk Island Pine (*Araucaria heterophylla*), spruces (*Picea* species), and cedars (*Cedrus* species).

Having your own home-grown Christmas tree gives a pleasant touch to the celebrations and is far more in accord with the Christmas spirit than disfiguring well-grown trees by removing branches or tops.

A much more lamentable practice, and one unfortunately on the increase, is the theft of young trees from properties handy to roads. One irate landowner lost over 50 from a well-grown young windbreak in this manner. I am sure he would be wholeheartedly behind the idea of everyone growing their own tree!

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 126



Plenty more  
where this  
one



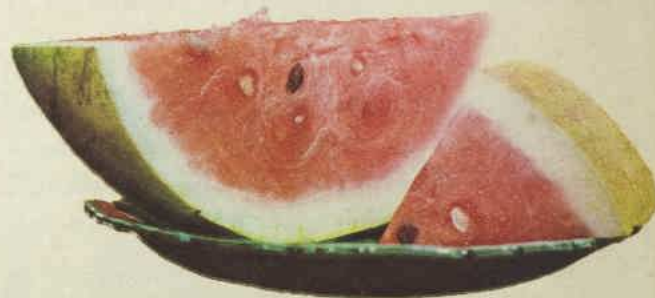
One of the nicest things about a cold glass of Duet, is that there are twenty more glasses where the first one came from. Duet is the Orange and Lemon Fruit Juice Cordial by Schweppes. It's made

with real oranges and lemons, so it's true to the fruit. There isn't a simpler way to flatten a big thirst . . . or twenty-one big thirsts. All you need is a tap, a glass, and a bottle of Schweppes Duet.

came from.



# MELONS . . .



## RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

● It's melon time again, and the honeydews, rockmelons, and watermelons are at their best right now. Serve them chilled and cut into slices for a wonderful summer dessert, or make some of these recipes.

**T**HERE'S so much that can be done with melons, in addition to serving them as an easy dessert. Once the pink, sugary flesh of watermelon has been eaten, unusual pickles and preserves can be made with the white part of the rind; not a piece need be wasted.

There are recipes here, too, for delicious rockmelon and honeydew preserves, and other unusual ways of serving these colorful fruits.

If you have to keep melons in the refrigerator after they have been cut, wrap them in aluminium foil or put them into an airtight container so they do not affect the flavor of other foods in the refrigerator.

### FRUIT SALAD BOWL

One large rockmelon, 1 large pineapple, 1 large can fruit salad, little sweet sherry, fresh flowers and leaves.

Cut pineapple in halves lengthwise and scoop out all flesh. Discard hard core sections, cut remainder into small pieces; mix with drained canned fruit salad. Cut melon in halves and either cut into dice or into balls with the aid of melon scoop; mix into other fruit. Add little sherry and chill. Pile into pineapple shells and arrange on large platter. Decorate with fresh flowers and leaves round the shells.

### JELLIED MELON SALAD

Two tablespoons gelatine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 1 cup sugar, extra 1 cup water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup finely chopped mint,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups orange juice, 1-3rd cup lemon juice, pinch salt, 2 cups melon balls (watermelon, honeydew, or rockmelon, or mixture of all), lettuce, cottage cheese.

Soften gelatine in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water. Combine sugar and extra water in saucepan, boil 5 minutes, add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Add mint, allow to cool, then strain. Mix in orange and lemon juices and salt; chill. When slightly thickened, fold in melon balls. Turn into individual moulds or large ring-mould which has been lightly oiled. Chill until firm. Unmould on to platter on bed of lettuce and fill centre of ring with cheese or mixed salad greens. Serve with any desired fruit salad dressing.

### SUNBRIGHT HONEYDEW JAM

Three cups honeydew melon pieces, 3 cups sugar, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped candied ginger.

Place melon pieces, sugar, lemon juice, and ginger in large pan. Let stand until syrup forms (about 2 hours). Bring to the boil and boil 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Reduce heat and simmer, stirring frequently until melon is transparent (about 45 minutes). Fill into hot, sterilised jars; seal.

### JEWEL-STUDDED MARMALADE

Four medium-sized rockmelons, 8 medium-sized oranges, 2 lemons, 5lb. sugar.

Peel, quarter, and remove seeds from rockmelons, then slice. Cut the peel from 6 of the oranges; slice fruit. Slice the other 2 oranges without removing peel, then cut each slice in halves. Cut peel from 1 lemon; slice fruit. Slice the other lemon without removing peel, then cut each in halves. Place fruit in large preserving-pan in layers with sugar in between, cover and stand overnight. Drain liquid from fruit into another pan, bring to the boil, simmer until syrupy (about 45 minutes). Add drained fruits and continue to simmer slowly, stirring frequently, until melon is transparent and mixture is thickened (about 2 hours). Pour into hot sterilised jars; seal.

### WATERMELON CONSERVE

Two cups cubed watermelon rind (white portion only), 4 cups water, 2 tablespoons salt, cold water, 1 orange (halved and finely chopped), 1 lemon (sliced), 1 cup apple cider,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped walnuts,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar.

Combine cubed watermelon rind and 4 cups water in large saucepan with salt. Bring to the boil and boil 20 minutes. Drain off water, cover rind with fresh cold water. Bring to boil again, cook until melon rind is tender (about 5 minutes). Drain again. Add orange, lemon, sugar, and cider, cook until thick and clear (about 30 minutes). Remove from heat, stir in nuts. Pour into hot sterilised jars; seal.

Note: This is a good accompaniment to ham or poultry; or spoon it over vanilla ice-cream.

### ROCKMELON CONSERVE

Two cups cubed rockmelon, 2 cups diced apple (peeled), 1 medium-sized orange (halved and finely chopped), grated rind and juice 1 lemon, 2-3rds cups sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup blanched slivered almonds.

Combine rockmelon cubes, apple, orange, lemon peel and juice, and sugar. Bring to the boil, cook until thick and clear (about 30 to 40 minutes). Remove from heat, quickly stir in almonds. Pour into sterilised jars and seal at once.

This sweet-sour combination resembles orange marmalade in flavor. It's good with buttered bread or rolls or on toast.

### STUFFED ROCKMELONS

Three rockmelons,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cream, 3 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, few cherries or strawberries.

Cut melon in halves, discard seeds, and carefully remove flesh with grapefruit knife. Then cut into  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cubes. Chill cubed melon and shells, which can be scalloped or notched round the edges if wished. Whip cream, sweeten with icing sugar, flavor with vanilla, and fold in chilled melon. Divide mixture among the melon shells, garnish with cherries or strawberries. Serve, if desired, in bowls filled with crushed ice.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce standard cup measure are used in all these recipes.



# they're ripe now!

## WATERMELON PICKLES

One watermelon (about 5½lb. rind), 4 tablespoons salt, 8 pints cold water, 3 tablespoons powdered alum, extra 2 lots of 8 pints water, 5½lb. sugar, 2 cups white vinegar, 1 or 2 teaspoons whole cloves, 6 blades mace, 3 sticks cinnamon.

Remove most of the pink flesh from watermelon rind (a little rim of pink on the rind makes the pickles prettier). Cut all outer green skin from rind. Cut rind into 2in. chunks or triangles. Weigh out 5½lb. or measure 8 pints of rind, add salt, and 8 pints water; allow to stand overnight. Drain and rinse well. Add alum and another 8 pints water. Bring to the boil, reduce heat, simmer 30 minutes. Drain and rinse. Simmer in 8 more pints water until tender (about 45 minutes). Water should cover rind; add more if needed. Add sugar, cook briskly until rind looks transparent (takes about 45 minutes). Add vinegar, cook 25 minutes longer. Add all spices, cook only 5 minutes (syrup will darken otherwise). Fill into sterilised jars. Seal and store 2 weeks before using.

## MELON CACAO

One honeydew melon, creme de cacao, whipped cream.

Remove top of melon, scoop out seeds. Pour in about 3 tablespoons creme de cacao. Replace top, chill 3 hours. Slice in rings, and fill each ring with whipped cream flavored with creme de cacao.

## ICED KABOBS

Walnut halves, mandarin sections, watermelon balls, rockmelon balls, honeydew balls, halved apricots, seeded cherries, halved red plums.

Start with walnut half, and thread on metal or wooden skewers, then string alternate fruits in attractive color combination, leaving room to finish off with walnut half. Serve on crushed ice.

## FROZEN WATERMELON STICKS

Watermelon, ice-block sticks or cocktail sticks.

Scoop out watermelon pulp, remove seeds, and mash up slightly. Fill into ice-block moulds, add sticks; freeze until firm. If you don't have moulds, fill mixture into ice-cube trays and add cocktail sticks when mixture is partially frozen.

Good for children during the summer months.

## WATERMELON DELIGHT

Watermelon (about 4 cups), 1 packet frozen raspberries or strawberries, sugar, 1 tablespoon cognac, 1 tablespoon finely chopped mint.

Cut watermelon into bite-size chunks or balls and pick out all seeds. Mash raspberries lightly or leave them whole, add enough sugar to sweeten. Add cognac and mint, pour over watermelon and chill. Spoon into chilled serving-dishes.

## WHITE FRUIT CAKE

Three cups plain flour, 1½ teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup glace cherries, 1 cup crystallised pineapple, 2 cups drained watermelon pickles, 1½ cups walnuts, 1½ cups blanched almonds, ½ cup hazel-nuts, unsalted peanuts or other such nuts, 2 cups sultanas, 1 cup butter (8oz.), 2 cups sugar, 5 eggs, ½ cup sweet sherry.

Sift flour with baking-powder and salt. Cut cherries in halves, cut pineapple and watermelon pickle in pieces about size of almond. Chop nuts roughly. Mix all chopped fruits and nuts with sultanas and about ½ cup of the flour mixture. Cream butter and sugar together, add eggs one at a time, beat well after each addition. Stir in flour and sherry alternately, and lastly mix in fruit-nut mixture thoroughly. Fill into 2 loaf-tins (9in. x 5in. x 3in.) which have been lined with one thickness of paper and greased. Press down batter gently. Bake in slow oven about 2 hours or until cakes are free from batter when tested in centre with skewer. Cool, remove from tins, peel off paper. Wrap in aluminium foil, store in airtight container. Age for about 1 month before serving. If desired, sprinkle about once a week with a little sherry. Keeps for months in refrigerator or freezer.

## HAWAIIAN SUMMER MELON

One ripe rockmelon, 1 box strawberries, halved, or use thawed quick-frozen strawberries, 1 block or tray of vanilla-flavored ice-cream.

Cut one end off rockmelon, scoop out all centre seeds, turn upside down to drain. Soften ice-cream slightly and fold through the halved strawberries. Spoon mixture carefully into melon cavity; press down well. Replace end, secure with cocktail sticks. Place in refrigerator freezer to freeze for about half a day. At serving time, cut into wedges.

## ROQUEFORT MELON APPETISERS

Honeydew melon, roquefort or other blue cheese, lemon juice.

Peel melon and slice in 1in. rings. Fill centres with crumbled roquefort or similar cheese, sprinkle well with lemon juice.

## MELON AND RICE SALAD

Two cups cold cooked rice, ½ cup cooked cubed ham, ½ cup cooked cubed chicken, 2oz. shelled prawns, 1 teaspoon chopped chives, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 cup cubed rockmelon or honeydew, 1 cup mayonnaise.

Mix together the rice, ham, chicken, prawns, melon, and chives. Blend mayonnaise with curry powder, mix well. Add to rice, toss lightly. Serve well chilled in lettuce cups.

## FROZEN MELON PINKS

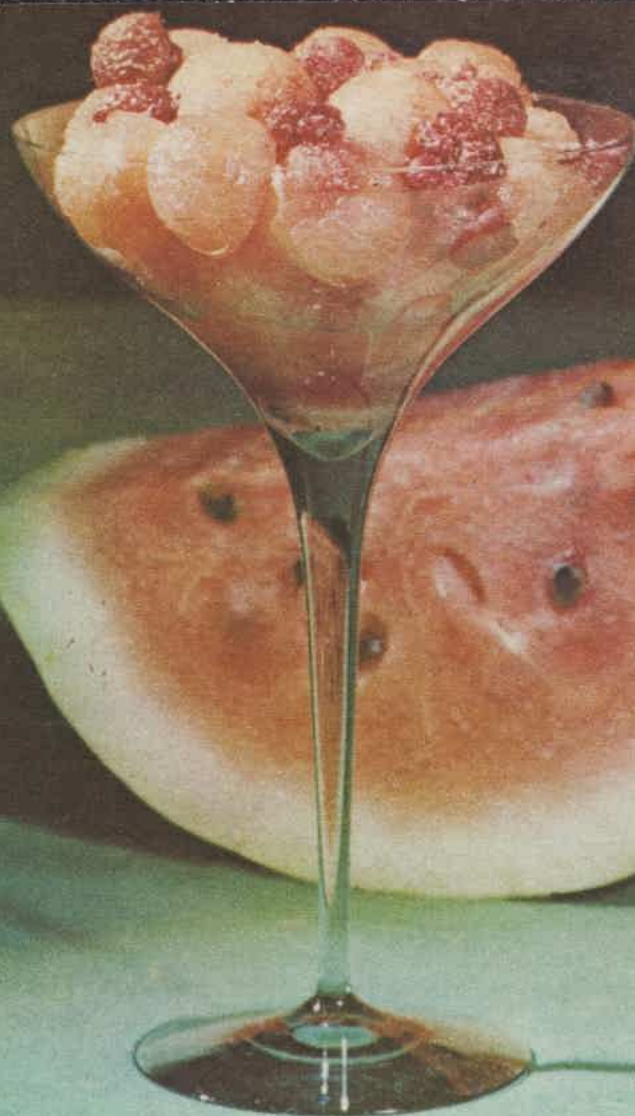
Watermelon, 1-3rd cup sugar, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, pinch salt, 3 tablespoons gelatine, 1½lb. cottage cheese, ½ pint cream, ½ cup strawberry preserve, fresh fruit salad.

Using blender, puree enough seeded ripe watermelon to make 6 cups of puree. Add sugar, lemon juice, and salt. Pour mixture into saucepan, sprinkle over gelatine, let stand 5 minutes. Heat mixture slowly, stirring constantly until gelatine has dissolved. Pour half the mixture into large well-oiled mould; chill until set. Blend remaining puree with sieved cottage cheese, place on top of the chilled watermelon dessert. Freeze until firm. At serving time, run tip of knife round inside of mould to loosen the dessert, dip mould in hot water a few seconds, then turn on to large platter. Whip cream, fold strawberry preserve or jam through, spoon round edge of mould. Fill centre with fresh fruit salad. Serve well chilled.

## TOMATO AND CANTALOUPE BALL SALAD

One large rockmelon, 2 tomatoes, french dressing, salt, pepper, mint sprigs, endive or lettuce, lemon wedges.

Cut rockmelon in halves and remove seeds. Scoop out the pulp into balls, using a melon baller. Cut stem end from tomatoes and cut into wedges. Mix with melon balls, return to rockmelon halves. Add a little french dressing, salt and pepper to taste. Toss lightly. Serve garnished with mint on bed of endive or lettuce, and accompany with lemon wedges.




**WATERMELON DELIGHT:** Balls of watermelon (above) are combined with raspberries, flavored with cognac.

**HAWAIIAN SUMMER MELON:** Rockmelon (below) is filled with ice-cream, studded with ripe strawberries.







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# These scones make a savory treat

● The main prizewinning recipe this week is light corn-flavored scones served with a seasoned butter flavored with ham. They would make a delicious savory treat at Christmas parties.

**CONSOLATION** prizes of £1 each are awarded for an unusual Christmas pudding recipe and a tomato-jelly ring to serve in summer.

All spoon measurements are level.

## SAVORY CORN SCONES WITH HAM BUTTER

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup canned whole kernel corn (well drained), 1 cup milk.

Sift flour with salt and mustard. Rub in butter or substitute and add drained corn. Mix to soft dough with milk. Turn on to lightly floured board and knead lightly. Roll out to 1/4 in. thickness, cut into small rounds with floured cutter. Place on greased oven-tray, glaze top with milk. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes.

**Ham Butter:** Three ounces butter, little mustard, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped or minced ham (or use canned ham paste), 1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley.

Cream butter and season to taste with mustard, salt, and pepper. Blend in ham or ham paste and parsley; mix well.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Waiter, 5 Proctor St., Boyup Brook, W.A.

## CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Six ounces butter, 2oz. processed cream cheese, 8oz. brown sugar, 1 mashed banana, 5 eggs, 2 tablespoons cold boiled rice, 1 1/2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 8oz. plain flour, pinch salt, 1 1/2 teaspoons spice, 1lb. raisins, 1 1/2lb. sultanas, 1/2lb. mixed peel, 1/2lb. currants, 4oz. chopped dates and figs (mixed), 1/2 cup blanched almonds, 2 tablespoons rum.

Cream butter, cream cheese, and sugar thoroughly, add mashed banana. Beat in eggs one at a time, then add rice. Beat all well together, add breadcrumbs, sifted flour, salt, and spice. Add prepared chopped fruits and peel with nuts and rum. Mix well, fill into greased pudding-basin, cover securely with lid or aluminium foil. Lower into large saucepan of boiling water, boil with lid on pan about 4 1/2 to 5 hours. Serve piping-hot. Or store in cool place and reboil about 1 hour on day of serving.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Parker, 53 Waitara Pde., Hurstville, N.S.W.

## LOW-CALORIE RECIPE

IT'S difficult to diet when the table is laden with good things — but here's a dessert that looks festive and tastes good, has few calories.

## CHRISTMAS EGG-NOG PUDDING

One dessertspoon gelatine, 1/2 cup cold water, 4 eggs (separated), 1 1/2 cups boiling water, 1 to 2 teaspoons liquid sweetener (to taste), 1/2 cup rum, pinch salt, nutmeg, glace cherries.

Sprinkle gelatine over the cold water, set aside until gelatine softens. Add salt to egg-yolks, beat well. Add hot water slowly to egg-yolks, then transfer to double saucepan and cook over hot water until mixture thickens. Remove from heat, add gelatine, liquid sweetener, and rum. Stir until gelatine has dissolved, then chill mixture until it becomes syrupy. Beat egg-whites stiffly, carefully fold into gelatine mixture, blending well. Pile into serving-dish; chill until set. Sprinkle with little nutmeg, decorate with few glace cherries.

Serves 4; calories per serve, 110.

## SPICED TOMATO JELLY

Six large tomatoes, 1 clove garlic, 2 small onions, 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 cloves, 1/2 teaspoon peppercorns, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch nutmeg, 1 bay-leaf, 1 1/2 tablespoons gelatine, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1/2 cup water, 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar, shredded lettuce, mayonnaise.

Chop tomatoes roughly, crush garlic, slice onions; place all in

saucepan. Add lemon rind, seasonings, and spices. Cook slowly about 1/2 hour or until tomato is tender. Rub mixture through sieve. Soften gelatine in water, heat over boiling water. Stir into tomato puree, add lemon juice and vinegar. Pour into lightly oiled ring-mould, chill until firm. Unmould on shredded lettuce, fill centre with mayonnaise.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Burgess, 15A Park Crescent, Bentleigh, Vic.



SAVORY CORN SCONES. See recipe at left.



Please don't eat this picture...

## MAYFAIR YULE HAM

8 rounded dspns. German Mustard (from your grocer), 6 heaped dspns. dried breadcrumbs, 4 level dspns. soft brown sugar, 2 egg-whites, lightly beaten, 1 level dspn. thick cream. This quantity is for a 5 lb. Mayfair ham.

Remove all jelly from outside of ham. Mix ingredients into a smooth paste. Spread paste all over ham with a spatula or knife. Wet the spatula or knife and smooth the paste. With blunt edge of knife decorate top of ham in diamond shapes. Garnish with whole cloves. Sprinkle lightly with a little more brown sugar. Pre-heat oven to 450° gas, 475° elec. — very hot — for 15 minutes. Place ham on grilling tray and bake for 6 minutes per lb. of ham or until browned. Serve hot or cold.

... go out and get your own Mayfair ham and enjoy the real thing. (Recipe's on the left. Takes only 10 minutes to prepare). Quicker still is a Mayfair ham served straight from the can. The plumpest, juiciest, leanest, tenderest Christmas ham of them all. Slice after slice of it, too, because there's no bone, no waste. But why wait till Christmas? Wouldn't your family enjoy a Mayfair ham right now?





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He burned now with shame and fear, remembering how he had fussed for the beautiful jade locket — with Father Harry's picture inside. He pictured the crafty old hawker clapping his gnarled, bony hands together in sheer delight at the sight of it.

"Read what he says!" he had asked. "Missus tell me, I forget."

Arkie knew the inscription by heart and had proudly translated it for him. He recalled now — and the thought terrified him — that the hawker had once tried to buy it from Mother Maude, tempting her with a heap of shining coins which he had emptied from a grimy moleskin bag. But Mother Maude wouldn't part with it "for all the tea in China," she had told him.

It was a Mizpah, a love token Father Harry had given to her a long, long time ago — when he was going to the war — and it said, "The Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent, one from another."

For as long as Arkie could remember, he had watched that very special little Christmas Eve ceremony. Mother Maude would bring out the locket, and stand very still while Father Harry clasped it round her neck. He would put his arms around her and whisper something in her ear — something that always made her eyes shine.

Now he had spoilt it all. Nothing could ever be the same again. He supposed that old rogue Indian would be back in India by now.

He raised a lean hand to shade his dark restless eyes from the fierce rays of the lowering sun, and bent closer to the water, as though to scan its murky depths. A gum leaf floated toward him; he caught it and put it to his lips and whistled a few dismal bars of "Waltzing Matilda" and thought about the swaggy who had ended his troubles by simply jumping into the billabong.

He wished that he could end his as simply. But he had had a swag to weigh him down, and, besides, he was real old, and Arkie bet he couldn't even swim. Perhaps he could try it though. He must do it quietly so as not to disturb Cappy. He shot a quick glance in his direction.

The dog was stretched out under a shady gum, moving only now and then to snap irritably at the troublesome flies.

Arkie took a running jump and dived into the cool water and groped around on the slushy bottom for

Continued from page 29

## MIZPAH

something to grasp. Cappy jumped in right beside him, and bumped him gently upwards. Arkie believed the dog was suspicious, the way he looked at him.

"Silly dog, you don't have to follow me everywhere I go," he spluttered as he surfaced. "I wanted to stay right there on the bottom, see! Stay there for ever 'n' ever."

He pushed the panting dog roughly aside and clambering up the slippery clay slope he stretched himself out on the dry grass. He wondered what it would be like to die from snakebite. He knew where he could find a snake, in the hollow tree at the edge of the scrub, where he and Cappy had

caught the biggest-ever brown snake last year, when he was only ten. It was a savage one all right. Mother Maude had been most upset.

"You could have been dead in a few minutes," she had told him.

"But Cappy would never let a snake bite me," he had assured her.

Well, he would sneak away without Mister Cappy in the morning. If he followed he would tie him up, while he teased the thing into action (that wouldn't take long) and then — well, they'd find him dead, that's all.

"Ah! mister crow. I'm not ready for you yet," he said as he heard the dismal caw of a crow and watched its solitary flight until it was merely a black spot in the sky.

He heard the screech of a flock of sulphur-crested cockatoos as they flew in ordered formation above him, and turned to watch them alight as a cloud to drink at the waterhole.

He listened to the throaty bollop, bollop of the frogs, and watched the last brassy ray of sun disappear beyond the sapling gums that skirted the edge of the rough bush track. He picked up his spade and lunch case.

Gosh, he'd better empty the case. He mustn't let Mother Maude know he hadn't eaten a bite of the lunch she'd packed for him.

It relieved him to remember that he would be home alone tonight, for the thought of a meal made him feel ill, and Mother Maude fussed so when he didn't eat.

Both she and Father Harry had tried to persuade him to go with

them to the Christmas party at the Mission Station; and Patsy-Ruth, his little white foster-sister, had nearly cried her little eyes out because he wasn't going; but he needed this last night at home.

He saw the flickering light from the lantern, and knew the family had left, for Father Harry had promised to leave it alight for him. He regarded matches as dangerous.

A terrible loneliness came over him as he trudged languidly toward the house. He missed the family welcome and the sight of Patsy-Ruth with outstretched arms running to meet him; to be swung into the air and carried on his strong young shoulders into the living-room; or to carry his lunch case and spade if she thought he looked tired.

To page 48



## JATZ BISCUITS — party winners everytime!

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### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD







### Mrs. H. WIFE

**"Crunchie  
Breakfast  
Cereals?—  
Why can't you  
put the blazing  
battleships at  
the top of the  
packet!"**

His head ached so. Perhaps it was a touch of sunstroke — why ever hadn't he thought of it. Sunstroke, that was it. The sun would be a scorcher tomorrow. He would lie on his face so as the crows wouldn't pick out his eyes. The sun would almost scorch him up. He wasn't afraid to die, but he was afraid to live.

He carried the lantern in to his room and set it safely on the dressing-table. He would have one last look at his Christmas gifts. He pulled out an old tin trunk from under his bed, opened the rusted lid, and removed several layers of paper.

There they were — the mouth organ for Father Harry, a string of colored beads for Patsy-Ruth — all the colors of the rainbow.

Continued from page 47

Arkie believed he'd never seen such beautiful colors before. They reminded him of the sunset and the beautiful rosellas that sometimes came to the waterhole to drink.

Patsy-Ruth would love them, and this little china doll, pretty as a picture, he thought. Much, much nicer than that old golliwog, with buttons for eyes. But the very, very best of all, a heavenly silk blouse for Mother Maude. Blue to match her eyes and soft as cobweb, with tiny glittering buttons. It had cost the most of all.

"All the way come India," Sundah Singh had said.

He bet she wouldn't call

this shoddy rubbish. He pressed it lovingly to his cheek and laid it carefully back in its wrappings.

If only he could have shared this best-of-all Christmas with them. He put the things back in the trunk and would leave them on his bed in the morning. He was too tired now to wrap them up.

He mumbled his prayers aloud, with the final request, "If I don't be killed by sunstroke tomorrow, please let me be bit by a snake, or ate by a dingo. Amen."

He hadn't been in bed very long when he imagined he heard a car in the distance — maybe he had been dreaming — he couldn't be sure. Then Cappy started barking. He jumped out of bed and peeped through a chink in the blind. It looked like Mr. Bickerton, the policeman, getting out of the car.

"Who's there?" he called out, hoping he was mistaken. "It's Constable Bickerton."

"My father's not home. Nobody's home."

"That you, Arkie? It's you I want to see."

"Me, Mr. Bickerton?" he managed to stammer as he slowly opened the door. His mouth was dry and he was sure the thumping of his heart would suffocate him.

"Yes, you," he heard Mr. Bickerton's gruff voice reply as he walked stiffly through the doorway.

"Know anything about this?"

"Yes — it's mine," said Arkie, forgetting his manners and snatching wildly at the locket, dangling on its delicate chain, from Mr. Bickerton's accusing finger.

"Hold on, youngster! Not so fast! You say it's yours — tell me, what in the world would you be doing with a valuable piece of jewellery like this?"

"Well, it really isn't mine. It's Mother Maude's."

"And you cashed in on it?"

"Beg pardon, Mr. Bickerton?"

"You needed pocket-money."

"Yes — but —" stammered Arkie.

"Right — let's have your story, and I want the truth."

Mr. Bickerton listened in silence while Arkie unloaded the whole sorry story; then he took a letter from his pocket and slowly began to unfold it.

"Well — that all seems to add up with the information I have here. Sundah Singh is a very sick old boy — has been in the Wimmera Base Hospital for weeks — delirious most of the time. This thing's been worrying him almost crazy. He knew you only by the name of Arkie. They've had the devil of a job tracing you. He asked the sister to give you a message —

"Allah watch between me and Arkie — something or other she couldn't understand. He told her, 'boy, he understand.'"

"Yes, I know," said Arkie, grinning broadly, "that's what Mizpah means."

"Now shoot along and put this thing back where it belongs, and let it be a lesson to you."

"You won't tell Mother Maude or Father Harry, will you, Mr. Bickerton?"

"No, I'll promise you that; but I want you to promise me that you'll tell them all about it yourself."

"Can I wait till after Christmas?"

"Yes, I can't see why not," said Mr. Bickerton, rumpling the dark head on his way out the door.

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**GIVE Gillette**





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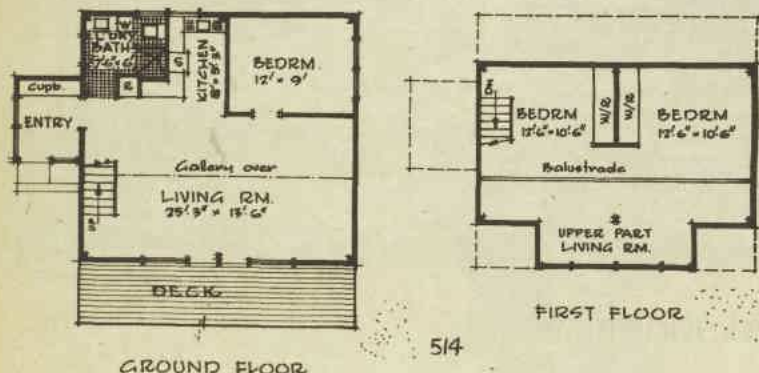
# Home Plans Service

## TAKE THE A-FRAME...

● Since its innovation some years ago, the A-frame has proved one of the most unusual and popular designs. This week we feature an A-frame house with a difference, or rather several differences, because our architect has adapted the design in many ways to form our Plan 514.



SKETCH of A-frame timber house shows unusual vertical side wall.



FLOOR PLAN shows design for both levels of this three-bedroom home.

**O**UR Home Plans Centres have had many enquiries recently for A-frame designs. This week's plan is an A-frame house with several unusual features.

Normally, A-frame designs provide for windows at the ends of the building only. This is the ultimate in low-cost construction, but such designs have limited possibilities with internal layout.

Our plan, No. 514, has a vertical window wall let into the roof construction on one side, which allows double doors on to a timber deck. It also provides a vertical side wall in the major part of the living-room.

The upper windows shown in the sketch are controlled by remote winding devices from floor level. The use of this window wall creates a very spacious feeling in the living area.

The house is a three-bedroom one, each room capable of accommodating two single beds. The two larger bedrooms have built-in cupboards.

A combined bathroom-laundry is placed next to the kitchen, localising plumbing and draining.

### Timber walls

Externally the construction is timber frame, with metal tray roof sheeting on each side and end walls of vertical weatherboards or shaped asbestos sheets.

The building could be placed on normal dwarf walls of brickwork or on steel columns bedded in concrete bases.

In addition to being built in normal timber-frame construction, the design lends itself to pre-fabrication. This would normally comprise steel A-frame members with steel joists cross-members at each floor level.

After erection of three such steel frames, timber members would be fixed to them ready to receive external sheetings.

A-frame designs are extremely economical and are suitable particularly for beach or mountain resort houses, or for use as an artist's studio-flat in an appropriate bush setting.

However, due to the distinctive shape of such a house, it is wise to seek local council's permission before erecting it in the suburbs.

The area of the ground floor, excluding the deck, is 6.75 squares, and the first floor area is 2.85 squares.

The cost of a design like this cannot be estimated by normal "square" methods, but needs to be individually calculated in each case.

## THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN

Continued from page 30

suddenly installed in the cottage—might play some as yet undiscovered role?

Surveillance, blackmail, poison . . . not thoughts to sleep soundly with, and Mrs. Marrable did not. Lucky that she had pink, reassuring Mrs. Dimmock with her; she had chosen well there.

It was unfortunate that Mrs. Dimmock should have picked the next day to ask, modestly and deferentially, Mrs. Marrable's advice about the investing of her nest egg.

It was not a propitious day to have asked anything of Mrs. Marrable. She woke unrefreshed to a damp grey morning. Even after she had patted them with a cold cloth her eyes gazed unpleasantly out of the bathroom mirror, lidded above, pouched below. The birthday seemed to have left its mark.

**B**UT in one of her many restless wakings she had found at least a temporary solution. After breakfast she dispatched Mrs. Dimmock to the garage to find an old leather jacket in the steamer trunk there, and called George at his office. She made an inquiry about one of her stocks, and then announced briskly that she was about to leave for a check-up at her doctor's.

George was predictably surprised. "I hope last night wasn't too much for you, Aunt Elsa."

"Not at all. I have simply come to the conclusion that a woman of my age ought to take reasonable precautions," said Mrs. Marrable. Let him figure that one out. "Besides, I want to ask him about my heart."

"Your heart? Haven't you been feeling well? Julia and I both thought you looked better last night than you have in months."

She said dryly, "Thank you, and I've been feeling perfectly well. In fact, I've read lately that the symptoms of a heart like mine are often completely meaningless."

She stopped short, fingers clamping tight on the receiver. There, obliquely across the road, pointed head searchingly down, came Chloe. Had Harriet Crewe had the dog in the cottage for the night again, in spite of her express orders? Mrs. Marrable's temples pounded; it was all she could do to hear what George was saying.

" . . . so let us know, will you?"

Small danger that she would not. "Yes," said Mrs.

Marrable, and hung up. Into her field of vision, unexpectedly militant, came Mrs. Dimmock. She had found the leather jacket and was brandishing it at Chloe, who stood with her head up, her tail waving uncertainly. "Get away!" ordered Mrs. Dimmock distantly, and bent to search the driveway for a suitable stone. "Go on, get away!"

The dog hesitated, turned, glanced once along its massive body and loped away. Mrs. Marrable was watching it out of sight behind the cottage when Mrs. Dimmock came in, pink and breathless. "What a tremendous animal! I found your jacket . . ."

At a quarter to twelve, figuring out with fair accuracy the length of time she would have had to sit in a doctor's waiting-room, Mrs. Marrable discovered that she was out of cigarettes, sent Mrs. Dimmock to the grocery, and called George again.

She had had, she said, an absolutely clear bill of health, and the doctor had congratulated her. As for her heart, it was as she had read: the symptoms were meaningless and there was no reason why she should not live for years. "Good!" said George heartily. "That's great. I'm meeting Julia for lunch; I'll tell her."

They would, would they not, hesitate to tamper with a woman whose doctor, having theoretically just found her in the best of health, would be called in to sign the death certificate?

But Mrs. Marrable was not elated; in her cold tidy mind was a shadow of warning that she — she — had been driven to such a deception. What her companion had to say at lunch shook her further.

Mrs. Dimmock had been thinking it over for a long time, and had finally decided to invest her savings.

"I know you're familiar with the market," said Mrs. Dimmock, "and I thought you might be able to advise me."

To Mrs. Marrable, it was as though one of the leafless poplars had suddenly turned and made her a sweeping bow. It struck her cold. She said at once, "Indeed I can advise you. Don't dream of doing anything so foolish, Mrs. Dimmock. The stock market is one thing if you can stand the loss without being hurt; it's quite another if it's your life's savings you're putting in."

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### Our Home Plans Service

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### THE BOYFRIEND



"I hope they get married soon — I'd like to have my verandah back!"





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*Authorised by the Australian Wine Board.*







## COLLECTORS' CORNER

CAN you give me any information on the origin and value of my coin? The head-side lettering is "R.I.M.P. HU. BO. REG.M. THERESIA D.G." Under the head, "S.F." The other side is lettered: "BURG. CO. TYR. 1780. X ARCHID. AVST. DUX."—Mrs. Kathleen Warrilow, North Walkerville, S.A.

This Austrian coin is a modern coin, known as the famous Maria Theresia taler or dollar. It is still used by countries bordering the Red Sea. Natives, through long association with the coin, will not accept any other design or date—hence 1780. The original coins were issued in 1780 and have been

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipcombe, answers readers' inquiries about their antiques.

struck ever since, all bearing the year 1780. The coin's value in Australia is about 40/-. The British Mint struck these coins for Austria until 1962. I think they are now minted in America. Naturally, some early specimens do exist, but they are not valuable, as it is almost impossible to distinguish early ones from modern specimens.

WILL you tell me where this table was made and the date?—Mrs. T. A. Gorringer, Hobart.

This fine-quality English walnut circular table with carved tripod pedestal base was made about 1850. The exquisite walnut veneered marquetry top serves to illustrate the fidelity with which the best Victorian woodworking craftsman executed his work. A feature of this particular type of table is its tilt top so that it can stand in a corner to save space. The table top then acts as a decorative screen. This type of table has always been popular, and is among the pieces of Victorian furniture that can be accommodated in present-day small living areas.



● English walnut table.



Ojoyojoy!



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They're guaranteed replaceable. If ever we plan to discontinue any pattern, we promise written notice to your dealer at least one year in advance.

## THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN

Continued from page 52

Julia said breathlessly, "Oh, Aunt Elsa, I'm so sorry—did we wake you?" and introduced the man as Hugh Darrah. She had had a lunch date with a friend in the Valley, and on her way back her car had come to a baffling halt. Mr. Darrah, a business friend of George's, had fortunately happened by, but in tinkering with the engine—successfully—had cut his wrist badly.

"How very kind of you, Mr. Darrah," said Mrs. Marrable in her brisk dry voice. "Won't you have a drink, or sherry, by way of our thanks?"

Because with the sleep out of her eyes she saw a number of things that she wanted to examine. Mr. Darrah was an extremely personable man, much younger than George, with intelligent eyes and a look of easy activity even when he was standing still. George was in El Paso. Put those factors along with Julia's lightness of bearing, her almost-girlishness, and Julia was lying. Mr. Darrah might have worked on her car engine, but they had been together for some time; it was implicit in their manner with each other.

Hugh Darrah demurred, but finally accepted a drink; Julia had sherry. When Mrs. Dimmock arrived with the tray, Mrs. Marrable said indifferently, "You've met my companion, Mrs. Dimmock," but it seemed that, over the flurry of Darrah's dripping wrist, no formal introductions had taken place. Mrs. Marrable made them, and watched the man's face with a sharpened gaze while he repeated his thanks for the bandage. She had a new impression of having seen him before, and recently.

"Do you live in the Valley, Mr. Darrah?"

"Temporarily, while my landlord's remodelling."

"And you're in the investment business?"

No, Darrah said; he was with a building firm which had the contract for a new housing development on the Heights. Mrs. Marrable appeared to listen attentively, but her mind was already on her trip—and also the fact that poised, beautifully groomed Julia should not be allowed to think that she had got away with anything.

At the door she said pleasantly, "Do have your car seen to, Julia. George would be so worried if he knew you were driving it around the Valley in that condition."

"Oh, I shall. Take care of yourself, Aunt Elsa."

"Indeed I will," said Mrs. Marrable.

Harriet, coming back from the walk which James found a very poor substitute for his interlude in Mrs. Marrable's garden, saw Julia and Hugh Darrah emerge together from the house. Carefully unsurprised, she smiled and waved at Julia behind the wheel as the car nosed to the edge of the driveway.

Greetings were unavoidable. Julia introduced the man beside her, adding, "Miss Crewe has Aunt Elsa's cottage."

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## Have you packed everything you need for a happy holiday?

Don't forget the 'ASPRO'! You'll find 'ASPRO' gives fast, soothing relief to the many summer complaints that could turn your family's holiday into misery. Read how 'ASPRO' can help you have a more enjoyable holiday this year.

### SUMMER COLDS AND FLU

Most people tend to take a cold or flu less seriously in the summer than they do in the winter. For this reason, a summer cold or flu can drag on for weeks or months. If any member of your family shows a sign of cold or flu, make sure they get their 'ASPRO' right away. Remember, too, that 'ASPRO' makes a wonderful gargle for sore throat.

### GLARE HEADACHE

If glare headache strikes while you're motoring or at the beach, remember the fast pain-relieving action of 'ASPRO'. You can take 'ASPRO' with perfect safety, because it doesn't dull the mind as some pain relievers do. You can continue driving with an easy mind. When you feel a headache on the way, rest for a moment, take 'ASPRO'—you'll soon feel better.

### MUSCULAR ACHES AND PAINS

So often during our holidays we tend to "overdo" it—especially in the first few days. 'ASPRO' has the happy faculty of being able to soothe away muscular aches and pains quickly, effectively. It lets you get back to the fun faster. Take it easy this summer. But if you don't take it easy, take 'ASPRO'.

### SLEEPLESSNESS

Sometimes, because of summer heat or jittery nerves, you may have trouble falling off to sleep. When this happens, take a couple of 'ASPRO' at bedtime. 'ASPRO' soothes away that jumpy feeling, induces a calm, restful sleep. You wake up feeling relaxed, refreshed, ready to meet the fun each new day brings.

### "TESTY" CHILDREN

If summer heat, headache, or prolonged periods of being cooped up in the car make your children restless and irritable, give them 'ASPRO'—they'll soon feel better. (So will you!) You can give 'ASPRO' to children of any age—always give according to directions. 'ASPRO' does not contain narcotics—it is not habit-forming.

### SUNBURN

'ASPRO' works four ways to relieve the miseries of sunburn. First, it takes the painful sting from the injured skin. It reduces feverishness and clears away that heavy feeling in the head. Finally 'ASPRO' calms and soothes—helps induce restful, healing sleep.

Keep your 'ASPRO' handy—you never know when you may need it. Carry one packet in the glove box of the car, another in with the luggage and a third in your pocket or purse.



# 'ASPRO'

REG. TRADE MARK

GOOD INSURANCE FOR A HAPPY HOLIDAY 6/6 2/- 6d.



1288



## THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN

Continued from page 53

Harriet found herself gazing at Hugh Darrah's innocent hazel-eyed face, which said mutely, "You see? All open and aboveboard. I'm a friend of the family."

Aloud he was saying pleasantly, "Didn't I see you this morning, at that little store?"

So no stone was to be left unturned in giving an impression of the utmost candor and casualness. But, thought Harriet, watching the car disappear, no ordinary friend of the family would choose an evening when only the paid companion was at home, park his car a safe distance away, enter and leave the house with such urgency.

**M**RS. DIMMOCK, neat as usual, was washing up when Mrs. Marrable went out to the kitchen and said abruptly, "We're going on a little trip."

Mrs. Dimmock cast an inquiring glance at her employer.

"I thought perhaps Phoenix, before the bad weather sets in. There are very nice motels along the way, so we needn't take anything elaborate in the way of clothes. We'll leave tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" echoed Mrs. Dimmock in consternation. "Oh dear, if I'd known I would have bought stockings in the village this morning." She looked down at her short, sturdy legs. "I'm afraid these are gone, and they're my last pair. And, toothpaste . . . oh, dear."

"The market has both, and you might as well have the gas and oil checked, too," she said shortly. "And get a road map while you're there."

Mrs. Dimmock departed with obedient haste, so much so that Mrs. Marrable, passing her companion's door after the car had gone, heard a drip of water from the bath. Annoyed, she opened the door, proceeded into the small bath, and tightened the sink faucet.

Apart from that, everything was as sparkling as she might have expected from Mrs. Dimmock: Tiles snowy, towels neatly folded, small glass shelf over the basin bare, mirror above it polished. Curiously, Mrs. Marrable pulled the mirror back, and the cabinet shelves were equally meticulous. Bath powder, nail scissors, small bottle of aspirin, tube of toothpaste—

Half full. Had Mrs. Dimmock overlooked it?

Mrs. Marrable swung the mirror thoughtfully closed. Her companion had undoubtedly forgotten that she had toothpaste to last at least until Phoenix; nevertheless . . .

A rapid search of the bureau drawers yielded six pairs of stockings, still in their cellophane.

So Mrs. Dimmock had not gone off to the village through a fear of being unhygienic or improperly nyloned; these had been excuses for another errand. Mrs. Marrable clenched her hands quietly and went over the possibilities. Drugs of some kind? Hardly, with that equable nature. A travelling supply of liquor, to be consumed discreetly in tea or coffee cups? No again, in view of her cheerfulness in the morning, the steadiness of her hands, the almost childish whiteness of her eyes.

A telegram, then? A telephone call, although she had said that she was as good as alone in the world?

(But then neither had Miss Tinsley admitted to a friend so interested in her affairs as

to be called surreptitiously at night.)

A monstrous suspicion entered Mrs. Marrable's mind, and turned her as calm and cold as ice.

When Mrs. Dimmock returned with stockings, toothpaste, and road map to lay out conspicuously on the kitchen table, her employer was seated at the desk in the living-room, writing the necessary notes for the milkman and laundryman. It was obviously an effort for her, as between words she pressed her hand to her right eye. When Mrs. Dimmock had hung up her coat and come back, saying, "My, the market was crowded," she turned her grey head casually.

"Was it? This eye is bothering me—I wonder if you'd write and remind Juan to put burlap over the roses. No, Juan is away, he's sending a cousin instead. His name is Al, I believe."

Mrs. Dimmock took the vacated chair and picked up the pen. Mrs. Marrable had never seen her companion's handwriting before: for reasons of thrift she wrote out marketing lists herself (one half-pound butter, one bunch carrots, small) and there had never been occasion for Mrs. Dimmock to leave her a note.

Fascinated, she watched the pen move in a large airy "Al" and did not see the rest.

Al, who had written the note to Miss Tinsley, whom she had automatically thought of as a man, was a woman friend of Mrs. Tinsley's. Al was the friend to whom Miss Tinsley had mentioned a "great secret." She was the friend who would know that to Miss Tinsley drunkenness—the ostensible reason for her dismissal—was as unthinkable as a G-string.

Al was Alice Dimmock, who sat looking up at Mrs. Marrable with her clear innocent blue eyes.

"... Thank you," said Mrs. Marrable into a tiny eternity which, she knew on another level, could not have lasted beyond two heartbeats. "We'll put that out before we leave tomorrow. I'd like to make an early start so it might be best if we did a little packing right now."

She walked briskly from the room; only with her bedroom door closed behind her did she grind the heel of her palm savagely against her fluttering eye. The pain was welcome, but the very uncontrolledness of the gesture was a warning. As deliberately as though she were being watched, Mrs. Marrable walked to the window that faced the mountains and stood looking out, a small elderly woman in a black dress, enjoying the view.

The fields had dimmed, the mountains were sombrely dark except for the peaks, a radiant rose-gold in the last of the sunlight. Mrs. Marrable, staring, saw only her companion's comfortable pink face and guileless eyes. Al. Shrewdly deflecting mistrust to Julia and George by doctoring one portion of the pheasant, by pretending suspicion over the jellies. Shaking her head in horror over Miss Tinsley's supposed drinking bout, offering her own money for investment—that had been a trap, and how fortunate that Mrs. Marrable had sidestepped it.

So Mrs. Dimmock could not be sure; in fact, Mrs. Marrable's firm refusal of any stock transactions must have shaken her somewhat. But a woman who had taken all that trouble with references, and who played her part so

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## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 198. — MATERNITY SMOCK

This cool maternity smock is available cut out to make in tan, red, grey, and green shades of printed cotton. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £1/12/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £1/14/6. Postage and dispatch 2/6 extra.



### No. 199. — THROWOVER

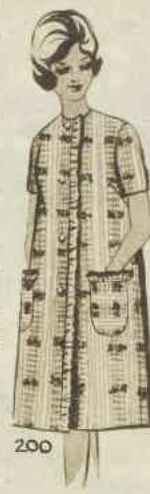
Pretty throwover is available cut out to embroider on good-quality lemon, pink, or white organdie, with lace supplied. Price 9/11 plus 1/- postage and dispatch.

### No. 200. — HOUSE GOWN

Attractive house gown is available cut out to make in floral cotton in apricot with red roses, pink with blue roses, green with pink roses, and blue with pink roses. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £2/7/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £2/9/6. Postage and dispatch 3/- extra.



Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion Frocks, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



## Mothers Revolt

... at the extra work caused by greasy marks made by children's hair on pillows, linen and clothes. Curlypet hair lotion stops this. Curlypet is non greasy and non sticky, and can NOT soil linen, fabrics or clothes. Curlypet hair-fixing lotion holds children's hair neat and tidy all through the day. Curlypet promotes the growth of lively, lustrous, healthy hair. Medicated with hexachlorophene, Curlypet also keeps dandruff, cradlecap or annoying scalp irritations away. For your baby or other children there's nothing better than Curlypet to give them clean scalps and wavy lustrous healthy hair everyone will admire. Get Curlypet in golden yellow plastic bottles, only 4/10 at your family pharmacy.

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Our Home Planning Centres throughout Australia will help you with every aspect of planning your new home. See our Home Plan this week.

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Air vents over the pad let healing air through.  
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# make it a "Golden Circle" XMAS!

... for  
really  
festive  
flavours

## CHICKEN A LA TROPICAL

Stuff a roasting chicken with your favourite stuffing, adding one of these slices of GOLDEN CIRCLE Pineapple, finely chopped. Place bird on rack in roaster, pour half cup water in bottom of pan. Bake in moderate oven, basting occasionally with mixture of 1 tablespoon melted butter and 1 cup pineapple syrup. During last 15 minutes of cooking, heat remaining pineapple slices in pan under chicken. Serve chicken with pineapple slices.

## PINEAPPLE GLAZED HAM

Drain syrup from cans of GOLDEN CIRCLE Sliced Pineapple. Remove ham from can and place on rack in roasting pan. Heat in slow oven (325 F.), allowing about 15 minutes cooking time per pound. Baste frequently with the pineapple syrup. Remove ham to serving plate and stud with cloves. Heat pineapple slices in pan drippings in roasting pan, then arrange round ham, garnish with ripe olives and cocktail onions.

## Golden Circle TROPICAL PINEAPPLE



### BEACHCOMBER'S NOGGIN

By combining equal quantities of Pineapple Juice with Ginger Ale you have a sparkling fruit punch for your guests. Buy personal sizes for kiddies' parties — party size for an adult get-together.

### FRUIT JUICE FAVOURITES for Xmas

Golden Circle Pineapple Juice and Golden Circle Pineapple and Orange are smooth, wholesome health drinks. Kiddies can have all they want and be fit and healthy next day.



## Golden Days Salad

for quick  
holiday meals

15oz. can Golden Circle Sliced Pineapple, 8oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese cut into cubes, 1 lettuce, 4 tomatoes cut into wedges, 6 radish roses, and Kraft French or Italian dressing.

Tear lettuce into bite-sized pieces and place in salad bowl with tomato, pineapple and cheese. Garnish with radish roses and chill. Just before serving, pour over French or Italian dressing and toss lightly.

Simple Sustaining



THE GOLDEN CIRCLE CANNERY,  
NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, QLD.



## THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN

thoroughly, would not dismiss her suspicions easily. Now was the time to remove her, before she could raise a hue and cry; before the police, to whom she might go, could demand proof of the continuing existence of Miss Tinsley and all the others, simply to quiet her.

It still seemed incredible to Mrs. Marrable that she could have been so deceived; it was like a mocking insult, an open jeer. She had looked at a number of faces and listened to a number of voices in answer to her advertisement, and out of them all she had chosen Mrs. Dimmock's. But was that so very odd, after all? The others had been merely women in search of a job; if not this job, then the next that offered. Mrs. Dimmock's whole being had been bent to one purpose, and she had schooled her manner, her presence, all her answers, to achieve it.

And yet . . . A tiny doubt, born of pride, remained in Mrs. Marrable. Handwriting could be astonishingly similar, and there was only that one short name to go by. What if she took a forced and therefore dangerous step, and it turned out later that her companion was exactly as innocent as she seemed?

There was a way to find out. Her bedroom was twilight now, full of a drained grey dusk. Mrs. Marrable switched on her bedside lamp, pulled open the bureau drawer that held the box marked "Stamps" and took the box out and unlocked it with the key around her neck.

Inside there was a layer of foreign stamps from her husband's collection, and under those a bankbook in the name of Mrs. James Wilson, a thick folder of travellers' cheques, and five hundred dollars in bills.

Mrs. Marrable transferred everything but the stamps to her capacious handbag, relocked the box, and put it away again. She drew the curtains at both picture windows, arranging the ones at the rear so that they left a slit not noticeable except at a very careful glance. Then she tidied her hair, put on her coat, left her bedroom door open behind her, and proceeded down the hall.

Mrs. Dimmock's door was also ajar; she was putting clothes into a suitcase open on her bed. Mrs. Marrable said brusquely as she passed, "We both forgot the library, but I'm sure I can get there before they close."

"I'll drive you," said Mrs. Dimmock at once.

"No, my nephew might call from El Paso. I shouldn't be more than forty-five minutes," said Mrs. Marrable. "Don't forget to put the potatoes in; we'll want an early evening tonight."

With the meticulous attention to detail that had been her safeguard until now, Mrs. Marrable collected her three library books and went out to the car.

By the time she had driven around the corner it was fully dark, except for the cold welling of light from the snow cover on the mountains. Mrs. Marrable walked rapidly back. She avoided the gravel; her footsteps as she circled to the back of the house were soundless on sparse grass and hard-baked earth, scoured clean of dry leaves by the recent winds. Had Mrs. Dimmock noticed the very slight strip where the curtains did not quite meet against the dark?

No, because there was her dimly lighted bedroom, surprisingly alien from this black, bitter-cold vantage

point. Massive bed with its heavy candlewick spread, bedside lamp casting moveless shadows—all blank and lifeless, although she had been gone for several minutes.

Into the room, with the somehow thunderous silence of the first actor on a waiting stage set, came Mrs. Dimmock.

Mrs. Marrable had thought she was prepared for it, but a great thump of blood seemed to rush to her head. A stiff black crouch in blackness, she lost the other for a second, saw her reappear on the other side of the bed and begin to open the bureau drawers.

THE deft hands were speeding; Mrs. Marrable could tell that even from this view. The drawers flashed back, a lower one opened, out came the box marked "Stamps." The white curls cocked attentively: Mrs. Dimmock was studying the lock. Mrs. Marrable could almost have laughed when she held the box to her ear and shook it, to be rewarded only by the feathery, weightless drift of stamps.

The box went back into the drawer. The only other thing that Mrs. Dimmock might have pounced upon was almost unfindable in one of the cupboards—and as though the confident thought had penetrated glass she turned, and the short arc of

an excellent meal in preparation.

Another woman might have been amazed at Mrs. Dimmock's placid and comfortable demeanor; Mrs. Marrable was not. Her own had been as flawless—an irritated "They were just putting out the lights as I entered the library, and of course they kept right on. Really, public servants have very little consideration."

Now, she stared at type she didn't see. Unless Mrs. Dimmock had been guided here by some total stranger, with whom she had already been in touch—and in view of Mrs. Marrable's close and constant association with her companion that seemed unlikely—the telephone call or other communication she had made narrowed down to a very few possibilities. Julia, George, Harriet Crewe.

The only other person on Mrs. Dimmock's horizon, apart from the nonentities behind counters and cash registers in the village, was the man who had appeared with Julia this afternoon, and whose wrist she had banded. But he was strictly an appendage of Julia's and could not be said to count.

A fresh consideration stirred in Mrs. Marrable's brain. Would any woman depart on an automobile trip with someone she believed to be a murderer, unless she had arranged some kind of safeguard? A sudden alteration of plans ought to con-



her examining stare swept over the not-quite-closed curtains.

Mrs. Marrable dropped instantly down, hiding—hiding—behind the wall of her own house. She shook with rage and cold, but she held calmly to the thought that she would make sure that Mrs. Dimmock knew, at the end, what was happening to her. Mrs. Marrable must be guided by reason and not by rage; she must remember that the period of greatest danger, when she had been unwarned and unarmed, was past.

There was no longer any doubt about Mrs. Dimmock—but what had she done on that pretended errand for stockings and toothpaste? She had been to the service station, too, and there was a public telephone booth there.

A telephone call? Almost certainly, but to whom? Mrs. Marrable would have to find out before she disposed of Mrs. Dimmock.

The evening unfolded itself like all the other evenings: Mrs. Marrable's martini and ritual opening of the evening paper, Mrs. Dimmock's tomato juice and sewing; over everything, the faint, pleasant fragrance of

fuse any such arrangement, at least until Mrs. Marrable could make sure that she would not, by ridding herself of Mrs. Dimmock, betray herself the more fatally.

At six-thirty, according to custom, Mrs. Dimmock turned on the news, and the two women bent on each other's life listened attentively. Then came the weather: high winds from northern and central New Mexico, with a drop in temperature and snow above seven thousand feet.

Mrs. Dimmock clicked the radio off and said chattily, "Oh, dear, I hope that won't mean postponing our trip?"

"I don't think so. We'll see in the morning," said Mrs. Marrable over a little shock of triumph; her companion was worried.

While Mrs. Marrable stared thoughtfully at her black invisible ceiling that night, Harriet Crewe slept badly in the cottage across the road. For the first time in her life, she was frightened of a dog. At one point, fright had become near-panic.

After listening to the six-thirty weather report, she had half expected Mammoth—James' christening—because

the dog was obviously nervous in storms. When the seeking sounds began at doors and windows, she said to James' plea, "James, we can't. If you keep letting a dog in, it expects to live with you, and besides, if it wants shelter, it can go in the carport. Mrs. Marrable doesn't want it here, anyway."

"Mrs. Dimmock was the one who chased it the other day," said James, severe and cold. "Well, it has a home of its own," said Harriet.

And perhaps, she thought while she got dinner, that was what bothered her about the dog: from its bulk, it was fed well and regularly, and yet in any inclement weather it came through the night to try to claim the cottage.

She was about to call James to the table when she heard a clatter from his room and then a breathless, "No, Mammoth!" Harriet flung a table-spoon into the sink and ran in.

All the windows in the cottage had paneled side panels which levered out, and James had evidently opened one of these to talk to the dog through the screen. The screen now lay on the floor, and in the half-dark Harriet could see the narrow head and forepaws pushing into the room.

She got James' ineffectual hands out of the way and pushed against the enormous chest with all her strength, saying sharply, "No! Down!" only to feel the huge weight pressing farther through the window. Her will against an animal's—it was the oldest contest in the world, and Harriet was somehow terrified of losing it.

She said pantingly, "James, get the screen," and a second later the narrow edge of metal did what not all her force had been able to do. Mammoth, who weighed more than Harriet and James put together, thrust unavailingly against the straight leverage and at last dropped back into the darkness.

Harriet whipped the window closed and found that, ridiculously, she was shaking. She did not even scold James. Instead, she went all through the cottage to make sure that the windows were tightly fastened.

Against, of all things, a dog. She woke next morning to find it a wild, windy day.

At ten o'clock, George Marrable telephoned.

Harriet heard his voice with a slight sinking of the heart; this was going to be some unwelcome commission. It was, George, just back from El Paso, had tried to call his aunt and been informed that the line was out of order. He assumed that it was due to the storm and had reported it, but would Harriet mind checking in the meantime to see that everything was all right?

Harriet did mind; it was difficult to say so civilly, particularly as George's voice seemed to have lost its rich authority and sounded strained and tired. A few minutes later, scarfed head down against the tearing wind, she crossed the road to Mrs. Marrable's house.

It was Mrs. Marrable who answered the door. There was no question of her not letting Harriet in on such a day; dust swirled into both their faces and the wind made it impossible to communicate except in a shout. So, for the first time, Harriet stood in the long vault-ceilinged living-room, trying not to stare about her.

"Such a day," said Mrs. Marrable mildly. "Not very good for sinus, I'm afraid." She had been holding a pad of cotton against her right eye.

Harriet said hastily, "I'm

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## HOME HINTS

● Household hints from readers this week all give useful tips for Christmas preparations and cookery. Each one wins £1/1/- prize.

FOR your party punch make this decorative Christmas wreath: Arrange grapes, maraschino or fresh cherries, etc., and mint leaves in a thin layer of water in a ring-mould. Freeze until firm, then fill with water and freeze again. Float this wreath, decorated side up, in the punch bowl.—Miss S. E. Phelps, Flat 5, 40A Birriga Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

Bright red apples make attractive candle holders. Core the apples and place candles in the holes. If they are to be used for a table centre-piece, stand them on a plate with green leaves, berries, and a little tinsel.—Miss J. Gapps, 25 Irvine St., Bankstown, N.S.W.

To give a festive touch to your Christmas pudding this year, soak seeded raisins overnight in brandy. Arrange them on the dish round the pudding and set them alight.—Mrs. J. Henderson, 116 Gloucester Crescent, Safety Bay, W.A.

Make artificial snow for Christmas decorations by adding a little water to a bowl full of soap powder or flakes, then whipping it to a creamy consistency. Spread the "snow" where required and leave overnight to dry.—Mrs. Van der Ven, 28 Wyalong St., Panania, N.S.W.

After Christmas, wrap small decorations and glass baubles in tissue-paper, then pack them into empty egg cartons. This will keep them safely through the year.—Miss C. Phillips, 21 Ramah Ave., Mt. Pleasant, Wollongong, N.S.W.

An economy hint for Christmas candles. Make them last longer by giving them a coat of clear varnish. Allow three days for the varnish to harden.—Mrs. Lucy Butler, 40 St. George's Tce., Battery Point, Hobart.

To make an attractive Christmas tree select a nicely-shaped leafless branch, paint it with white paint, and while paint is still wet press on pieces of white cotton-wool. Decorate it with colorful baubles and tinsel and stand it in a tin of sand covered with green paper.—Mrs. Dorahy, Wilson St., St. Mary's, N.S.W.

Decorate the box in which your Christmas tree stands by pasting on it the brightest of your Christmas cards. This saves the purchase of crepe paper and also displays the cards securely.—Patricia G. Fisher, Lot 394 Oxford St., Reynella, S.A.

Cover a few carrier bags with Christmas wrapping paper. They are pretty and useful for distributing Christmas presents.—Mrs. J. Robertson, 7 Garden Grove, Seaholme W18, Melbourne.

A colorful Christmas decoration can be made with rhododendron leaves painted with poster paints. Strip the lower leaves from the branch, leaving a circle of seven or eight leaves at the top. When painted, these will resemble the poinsettia. To finish off, cut off the top of the bud or flower stalks and paint yellow to resemble stamens.—Miss C. A. Atkinson, 166 Oldaker St., Devonport, Tas.

Avoid the tiresome job of tying baubles on the Christmas tree by using paper clips instead. This is easy and quick and the clips can be left on the baubles until next year.—Mrs. J. Miller, 20 McTeer Rd., Dandenong, Vic.

To use up left-over Christmas meats: Mince meat finely with tomato and onion, season, then heat gently. Make a batch of big scones, cut out with a saucer. Break open the cooked scones, spoon in the hot mince and serve with tomato sauce and vegetables.—Mrs. D. Mason, "Wenlock," 1 Nelson St., Boorowa, N.S.W.

Save cardboard holders from lunch wrap and aluminium foil packets. Filled with nuts, sweets, etc., and covered with Christmas paper, they make inexpensive bon-bons to put in children's Christmas stockings or to hang on a Christmas tree.—Mrs. Rooke, 39 Miller St., Newcomb, Geelong, Vic.

When cooking Christmas cakes and puddings which are to be stored away, always add one grated medium-sized apple to the recipe. The apple will help to keep them moist.—Mrs. A. C. Allen, 45 Carlton St., New Town, Hobart.

Terry-towelling tea-towels make bright, colorful beach towels for children. Add white cotton fringe to the ends and the towels are an attractive Christmas gift.—Mrs. R. F. Brady, 26 Wills St., Kew E4, Vic.

To prevent candles dripping, place them in a solution of one tablespoon of bicarbonate of soda to three pints of water for 24 hours.—Mrs. M. Bennett, 67 Stone St., Bayswater, W.A.





**If you can't wait until Christmas:      Then, don't.**

"Teal" is the new luxury talc for adults, by the Johnson & Johnson people. The fragrance is by Robertet of Paris—and very, very intriguing. So if you can't wait, open the Teal you bought for someone else (or someone bought for you). Your chemist or store is bound to have another tin. Gift-wrapped. 5/11

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sorry  
nephew  
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"How  
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sorry to bother you, but your nephew . . ." and explained George's anxiety.

"How kind of George," said Mrs. Marrable perfunctorily. "I had found out about the telephone, and my laundryman reported it for me, but it won't do any harm to have it reported again. You may tell George that we're quite all right now. Mrs. Dimmock went out early this morning—she would go out, although I warned her—and got a nasty blow from a tree branch . . . Excuse me."

She walked rapidly into the inner regions of the house. Harriet, gazing around at the heavy furniture, the formal gleams of wood and silver above an exquisite rug, heard the repeated slams of a refrigerator door, a rattle of what sounded like ice, a severe, "But I would prefer that you don't get up, Mrs. Dimmock, at least just yet. There . . ."

There was a murmur of protest. "My dear woman, nobody should know better than you that blows on the head must be watched . . . It's Miss Crewe; George was worried about the telephone and called her. Now do rest a few more minutes. My sinus will do very well," said Mrs. Marrable's voice with an exasperated kindness, and her footsteps proceeded back through the house.

**H**ARRIET said as she entered the living-room, "If there's anything I can do . . . ?" and Mrs. Marrable shook her grey head.

"She felt a bit faint for a few minutes, and I thought she'd be better off resting a while, that's all. Right now," said Mrs. Marrable, smiling a trifle wryly, "she's anxious to get up so that I can lie down with this." Briefly, she removed the cotton pad from her bad eye. "Thank you again, Miss Crewe."

She watched Harriet out into the whirl of wind, down the driveway, along the road, and into the cottage. Then she turned and walked rapidly through the house into her own silent bedroom, where, in the gleaming wheelchair provided by George and Julia when she had broken her leg, Mrs. Dimmock sat dying.

Lying awake through the black hours of the previous night, Mrs. Marrable had realised that her present situation could not be endured. Mrs. Dimmock knew, and it was only a matter of time—even hours, possibly—before, discarding all other possibilities, she might manage to get hold of Juan and question him. Juan could not relate the planting of the last poplar to the vanishing of Miss Tinsley, as he never penetrated the house and would not know who was or was not there, but if he were asked he would certainly say that he dug unusually deep holes for Mrs. Marrable, and no, he did not do the planting himself.

Mrs. Marrable had thought to lure Mrs. Dimmock on by a promise to invest her savings profitably, and

Continued from page 57

thereby give herself a few days' grace in which to discover the woman's confidant, if there was one, and lay her own plans. Now she knew that she could not.

Watch Mrs. Dimmock as closely as she might, she could not possibly close every loophole. She could not guard the telephone every instant of the day, she could not prevent the passing of a note, she might listen unaware to a prearranged signal telegraphed in her presence.

Perhaps more important, she could not stand this quiet and mortal combat with Mrs. Dimmock; her disturbed eye, which had now begun to twinge as well as twitch, was proof of that.

She did not want to sleep—she

was mapping the main drain with its fast current, and the possible approaches to it—but she was dangerously close to not hearing the very soft sounds down the hall when they came. Instantly, she sat bolt upright.

In the lull before the wind recommenced its soft leafy roar about the house, the sounds became quite clearly the brush and occasional pat of a hand seeking its way along a wall. Mrs. Dimmock, whose night sight was poor, was guiding herself along the hall in the direction of the kitchen.

Or the telephone?

Mrs. Marrable flung her night-gowned legs over the edge of her bed, pressed the knob of her door

silently open, and stepped into the black hall. But it was no use, she could not hear over the wind—until there was a small scrape of wood, the sliding of a dining-room chair as Mrs. Dimmock brushed against it.

She could only be going to telephone because she had been unsuccessful in her earlier effort; she had certainly found nothing to report in that swift search of the bedroom. Mrs. Marrable felt a heady wave of triumph. She reached an unerring hand to the kitchen light switch, calling in the same second, "Mrs. Dimmock? Is that you, Mrs. Dimmock?"

The sudden brilliance of the kitchen was blinding, but Mrs.

Marrable, who had been expecting it, had a slight advantage. Through narrowed lids she watched her companion turn in the shaft of light that entered the dining-room and cup a hand shieldingly over her eyes. She was barefoot and night-gowned in the chilly house, as was Mrs. Marrable, and they stared at each other for perhaps three seconds before she said, apologetically, "I thought I heard the telephone, but I must have been dreaming."

"Obviously," said Mrs. Marrable in the cross tone of someone waked uselessly out of sleep. She squinted at the electric clock, which showed a surprising twenty minutes after six. "As you're up," she said tartly to Mrs. Dimmock, "would you mind heating me some milk? I'll never get back to sleep otherwise."

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## THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN

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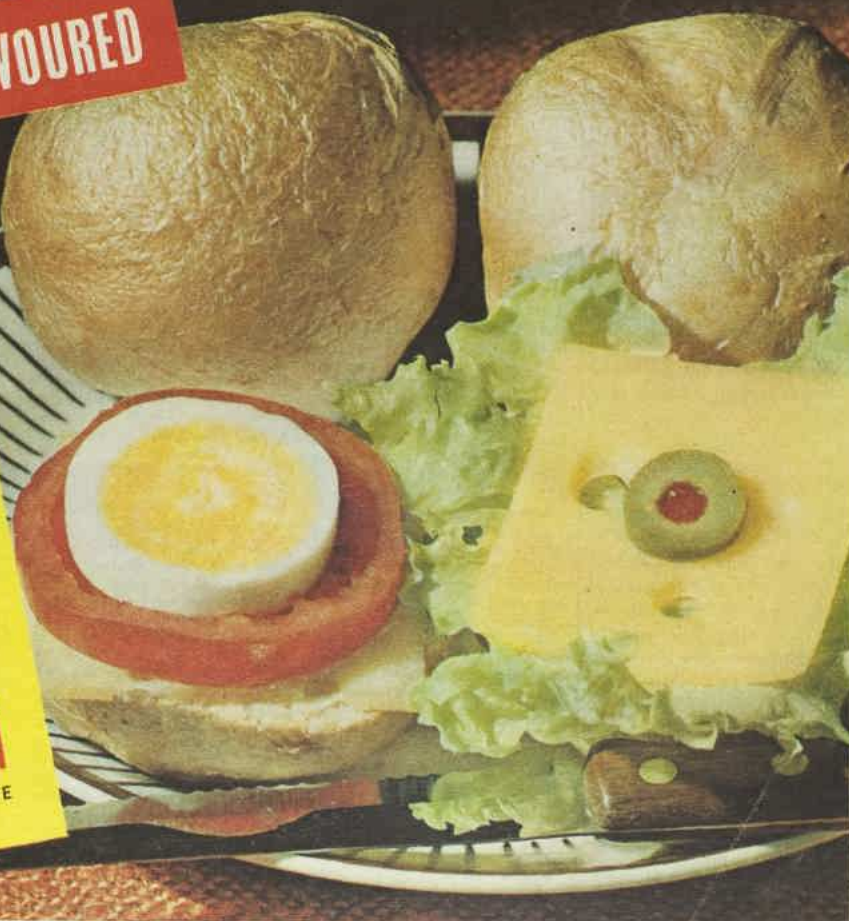
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Continued from page 59

One glance across the kitchen had shortened Mrs. Dimmock's life by hours, because Mrs. Marrable had suddenly remembered the wheelchair, light and nimble, which had been put away in the hall cupboard after her recovery from her accident.

Under cover of the kitchen sounds and the helpful wind, she opened the cupboard door, wheeled the chair out, whisked it around the corner and into her bedroom. Moving rapidly, she crossed to her bathroom door, switched on the light, closed the door to within an inch. Carefully, so as not to topple the pile beside the corner fireplace, she picked up a short, thick log and stepped quietly into the cupboard on the inside wall, across from the near side of the bed.

She heard water rush in the kitchen; neat, dangerous Mrs. Dimmock was rinsing the pan. She heard the sharp flick of the kitchen light switch, and then, because of the wind, she had to wait until her companion entered the bedroom. Glass in her hand, white curls tousled, voluminous pink flannel nightgown swaying as she glanced across at the bathroom door and then set the glass down on the bedside table.

Mrs. Marrable came out of the cupboard and swung the log heavily. In almost the same gesture she caught the toppling woman under the arms and manoeuvred her the few backward steps to the waiting wheelchair. After a few seconds of silence broken only by her own rough breathing, she turned on the bedside lamp.

Mrs. Dimmock sat exactly where she had been put, but she wasn't dead; while Mrs. Marrable watched, there was a flash of upturning blue and then a flash of white between closing eyelids. The white head tilted and dropped, and stayed that way.

There was surprisingly little blood, and Mrs. Marrable did not attempt to touch what there was. Instantly warned her not to burn the log in the fireplace that had been cleaned that day; instead, she shifted the other logs, placed the one she had used as a weapon at the bottom, and repiled them.

Mrs. Marrable left the hearth. Carefully, she felt Mrs. Dimmock's pulse, and it was still a stubborn, wide-spaced stir in the dangling wrist. But she was beginning to breathe loudly, almost snoring.

Mrs. Marrable turned her back and got dressed. Her mind informed her coldly that she must dress Mrs. Dimmock. It was very distasteful, and something she had never done before, but in the end she managed it with the helpless yielding of Mrs. Dimmock's nerves and muscles. Slip, white blouse, dark blue skirt—none of which she would attempt to pull down or zipper up until she got the woman on her feet.

Surely she was almost dead? Her color was bad, so was her breathing. Mrs. Marrable flung on her coat, opened the door of her bedroom which led out to the patio, and walked around the house to the black sedan. Quietly, not touching the headlights or revving the motor, Mrs. Marrable drove the car around to the back of the house. She re-entered the bedroom, cast a glance at the motionless Mrs. Dimmock, and stood thinking.

What should Mrs. Dimmock have done? Got up

## THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN

early (disturbed by the wind), made herself a cup of coffee, gone outdoors on some staunch errand . . . to get the milk? No, that was left at the door. To leave a note for the mailman?

Mrs. Marrable studied that, and eventually wrote the note, requesting that all mail be held at the post office until her return from a trip, and went out and put it in the mailbox. She looked in on Mrs. Dimmock, made herself a cup of instant coffee, and washed the cup and saucer and spoon as neatly as Mrs. Dimmock would have.

It was now almost eight o'clock, in spite of the dark, wind-torn grey. If she called George, who was back from El Paso, George could not call her and find the house empty, or drive out at an inconvenient point. Mrs. Marrable lifted the receiver on what she slowly realised was total emptiness. She had no telephone, a line was down somewhere.

**M**RS. DIMMOCK could not have called anybody. For this she had rushed into a barely conceived plan, for this she had a half-dressed woman in coma to dispose of. A taste of rage filled Mrs. Marrable's throat; it was a full minute before she could even control herself. But she must, because the most difficult part lay ahead.

She now set herself to the task of putting Mrs. Dimmock's stockings on, because to anyone who had ever seen the woman it was inconceivable that she should have left the house without them. Fortunately Mrs. Dimmock wore garters, so there was no more complicated garment to struggle with. She might as well be made completely ready, and after a curious glance at the grey unconscious face Mrs. Marrable forced her forward in the chair, tugged the skirt far enough into place to close the zipper, buttoned the blouse and tucked it in.

She hung the pink nightgown neatly on the hook in Mrs. Dimmock's bath and took the woman's coat and scarf from her wardrobe; those would wait until the last. Was there anything else? Handbag. Mrs. Marrable found it, discreet black calf—odd, all her companions had had black calf handbags—and searched it carefully. There was nothing in it that there shouldn't have been, and Mrs. Marrable put it on her bed with the coat and scarf.

She was a little amazed at the orderliness of everything; there was no sign of violence anywhere. Except for her color, Mrs. Dimmock might have fallen into a drunken sleep in her employer's wheelchair. Mrs. Marrable left her snoring and went into the kitchen to make herself a second cup of coffee.

Now that this phase of it was over, she became aware of two things: the steadily rising wind and the savage ache below her right eye. The wind was a help, the eye was not. Mrs. Marrable took an aspirin and halted at the sink with a pad of cotton in her hand; hot water, as she had been using, or cold? Mrs. Dimmock would know, but Mrs. Dimmock was never going to speak again. With steady fingers, Mrs. Marrable turned on the cold water.

It was now almost nine o'clock, but there was no hurry. Dutiful George would call as he had said, and when he found her line out of order he would almost certainly

send some busybody around to investigate.

Ten o'clock came, and Harriet Crewe.

When Harriet had left, Mrs. Marrable's pace increased. She locked the front and back doors; she would now operate from the door in her bedroom.

The providential wheelchair was easy to handle, and its rubber tyres left no marks on the brick of the patio or on the few yards of iron-hard earth to where the car waited, its door open. Mrs. Dimmock did not notice the icy blasting wind, although her breath was still coming in uneven snores, but Mrs. Marrable found it an active enemy, even with the woman propped against the side of the car, when she had to struggle with the coat. It went on at last, and Mrs. Marrable manoeuvred the unresisting body into the front seat and closed the door. There was no witness at all, not even a crow.

There remained only the wheelchair and one final important thing. In her bedroom, Mrs. Marrable polished the chair's gleaming arms and foot and head rests and returned it to the hall closet. Back again in her room, she went to the wardrobe where her seldom-worn evening clothes were kept.

She had realised three years ago, in a cool and business-like way, that at some point it might become necessary for her to flee. Therefore the cash, the bank account in the name of Mrs. James Wilson, and the white wig which she now unpinned from inside a black crepe dinner dress.

Ironically, she had bought the wig long before she had ever seen Mrs. Dimmock. It was short and fluffy, the greatest possible alteration from her own impeccably groomed dark grey hair, and with it on she seemed to become not only another woman but an entirely different type of woman. With a last glance around her, she went out into the wind, locked the bedroom door, and hurried to the car.

Impossibly, Mrs. Dimmock had moved from her former position and her eyes were half-open.

Normally Harriet liked an occasional display of bad weather, but this morning she found herself both nervous and depressed. It was the kind of feeling she associated with some dreaded task or appointment, but today there was no such thing. Certainly it was not concern over Mrs. Dimmock. Harriet had seen her drive off after ten in the black sedan, but, although the roads were wild with tumbleweed and the visibility poor, the woman was competent herself. Harriet wondered idly that she had left her employer alone in such an obvious state of discomfort, and then remembered something had been said about a prescription for sinus.

Was that it—a feeling of being overshadowed by the two women across the road, almost of responsibility for a situation which was certainly not of her making? Harriet possessed knowledge which Mrs. Marrable did not; on the other hand, Mrs. Marrable had been introduced to Hugh Darrah in her own house. (But in what guise, under what pretext? How easy for a man like Hugh Darrah to make a friend of Julia if expedience required it, and be presented to Mrs. Marrable as such.) Both she and James jumped slightly when the doorbell rang. It was more startling still to open the door on a whirl of wind and Hugh Darrah.

## AS I READ THE STARS

For week starting December 16.

<b>ARIES</b> MARCH 21-APRIL 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. ★ Gambling colors, black, gold. ★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.	★ Things are still surrounded with an aura of unreliability. Count the week as unfortunate. There could be loss at home or of a friend. Coast along cautiously and watch the traffic lights.
<b>TAURUS</b> APRIL 21-MAY 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 5. ★ Gambling colors, red, silver. ★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.	★ Weekend could turn out especially ill-starred for you. Don't believe all you hear, watch out for snide laces, and start no new venture. There could be a rebuff career-wise.
<b>GEMINI</b> MAY 21-JUNE 21 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. ★ Gambling colors, green, brown. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.	★ There could be a jarring note matrimonially on 17th, and the weekend could prove unhappy. It's possible, imitate those three wise monkeys. Conditions are allergic to romance and cool planning.
<b>CANCER</b> JUNE 22-JULY 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 4. ★ Gambling colors, rose, lilac. ★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.	★ Everything romantic could have false glamor; sensitive Cancerians should be on their guard emotionally. Beware of traffic hazards 16th-18th. Weekend does not bode well for affairs of the heart.
<b>LEO</b> JULY 23-AUGUST 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. ★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey. ★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sun.	★ A week when things could get muddled, when somebody could really sling some metaphorical mud at you. A time to be healthily sceptical and cautious, especially marriage-wise.
<b>VIRGO</b> AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 2. ★ Gambling colors, tan, blue. ★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.	★ Projects and plans could get infuriatingly nowhere. Promises could be broken, and you could find yourself out on a limb, especially if a working woman. Beware of accidents and bad thinking.
<b>LIBRA</b> SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. ★ Gambling colors, hoops. ★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.	★ Hang on to your balance—bank and otherwise—and don't lean too heavily on the promises of friends, else deception, 17th, could prove quarrelsome, and romance could quail the weekend.
<b>SCORPIO</b> OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 4. ★ Gambling colors, rose, jade. ★ Lucky days, Saturday, Monday.	★ Scorpions are the natural detectives of the zodiac, and they will need this hair for seeing to rock-bottom this week. Deceptive influences affect their private and public concerns.
<b>SAGITTARIUS</b> NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 9. ★ Gambling colors, violet, red. ★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.	★ A lot of Sagittarians believe in bluntly stating the truth, hence get into trouble. This week is one in which to keep counsel and walk carefully. Forthrightness will certainly not pay off.
<b>CAPRICORN</b> DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 9. ★ Gambling colors, silver, rose. ★ Lucky days, Saturday, Monday.	★ Unfavorable focus on family life, home concerns, and romance could make this week a discouraging one. Plan is to be prepared, and not to trust appearances, chiefly at weekend.
<b>AQUARIUS</b> JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. ★ Gambling colors, red, gold. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.	★ All the evidence points to a policy of sitting tight and sticking to routine. Marrieds could strike trouble at weekend, when the stars frown on love and marriage. You could lose a friend.
<b>PISCES</b> FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 9. ★ Gambling colors, green, blue. ★ Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.	★ You might have to prepare yourself for a wet, muddled, and delay. You could also find it hard to think straight, and this could lead to accidents—traffic, swimming, and all sorts.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Something of what Harriet had been thinking must have left traces on her face, because after his rapid glance at her and an explosive comment on the storm, Darrah was very formal indeed. He hated to bother Harriet, but he had talked to Julia Marrable on the phone earlier and both she and George were concerned about their aunt's continuing lack of telephone service. He had volunteered to drive over and see if anyone was working on it, and had found no repair truck and no one at home. He assumed that as far as Harriet knew everything was all right.

Harriet said, "I'm afraid I have no idea, but they know my phone is working, and I'm only across the road."

Darrah's instincts were at war with his formality; he walked absently across the room and stood before the fire holding his hands behind him to the blaze. James, on the hearth, withdrew into himself as neatly as a caterpillar. Darrah said mildly but questioning, "It's not much

of a day for the road. I trust Mrs. Marrable is a good driver?"

"It was Mrs. Dimmock." The correction was automatic, but Harriet felt that she had been trapped into it. "You'd know whether she was a good driver, wouldn't you, as she's your godmother?"

"Godmother, nurse, and now good friend. And she's an excellent driver. Mrs. Marrable is in good hands."

"Mrs. Marrable isn't well, she's at home, lying down," said Harriet. Angry herself a moment ago, she was now propitiating for no very good reason. "I do seem to have a lot of information, don't I? It's only because George called me and asked me to go over and check up."

She hesitated over telling Darrah that Mrs. Dimmock had been struck by a tree branch and decided not to. For one thing, it would sound talkative and gossipy, for another, the woman could not have been really hurt or she would not have been driving the heavy black car.

James said unexpectedly from the hearth, "Mrs. Dimmock's not such a good driver," and it was as astonishing as if one of the bricks had spoken. Darrah gave him a measuring and uncordial look. "What do you mean by that?"

Harriet knew, dismayed. Gratuitous hostility from James, who basked happily in the company of adults, was the unvarying signal for an asthma attack; feeling his

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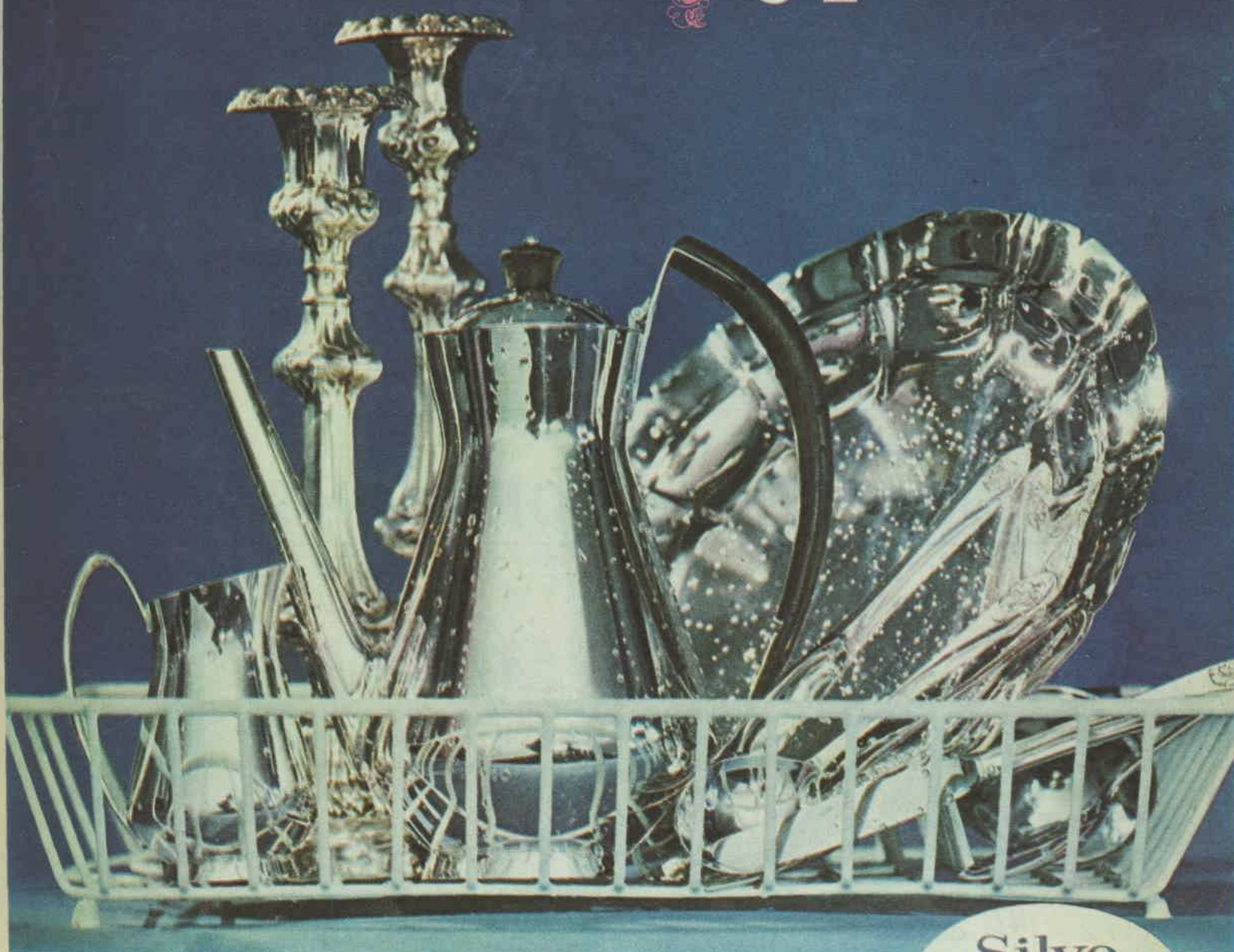
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Continued from page 60

chest tighten and his lungs begin to labor, he was willing to attack anyone in sight. She said casually, "Time to lie down, James," and James said angrily, "I am lying down." But Darrah had understood. He smiled at James and said, "Never trust a woman driver."

At the door he said quietly to Harriet, "Anything I can get?" and she shook her head. "It's the wind. I'll pass. He's tough, he'll make it," and perhaps because it was an odd, but true, adjective to apply to spidery conservative James, Harriet felt her eyes fill with ridiculous and badly timed tears. She said steadily enough, "He's been fine until now," and Darrah gave her an unexpectedly long gentle look.

"You've had it all, haven't you?" he said. "Here and—" he nodded obliquely in the direction of Mrs. Marrable's house—"there."

Before Harriet could reply to that, or even wonder at it, he had whipped a card out of his pocket and was writing a telephone number on it. "If you get worked up about James, or anything else, I'm here."

He had to wrench the door open against the wind, and then wrench it shut. James said querulously, "Can we put this fire out? I'm hot," but Harriet did not immediately answer him. Card in her hand, she listened for the sound of Hugh Darrah's car starting, backing, retreating.

She felt, in a way, bereft of her adversary. Like anger, he had shared her up; like a kind word spoken to stress, he had undermined her.

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## THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN

She wished that he had not said "... or anything else," because what could there be?

She tucked the card behind an oval mirror; she said, "How about a pill, James?"

Mrs. Marrable said sharply to the woman beside her in the car, "Mrs. Dimmock?"

A blur of sound emerged from the greying lips. Reaction to the cold and to being moved, thought Mrs. Marrable. She said loudly, "Take you to the doctor," and slammed the car and started the motor.

HER mind was clear, her thoughts cold and precise. She was horrified at the omission she nearly made. Although Mrs. Dimmock had sunk back into her comatose state she switched off the engine before she went back into the house, took an empty bottle of nose drops from her bathroom cabinet, and returned to the car. Mrs. Dimmock's hand was flaccid and yielding; under the pressure of Mrs. Marrable's it was made to hold the little bottle, open the clasp of the handbag on her lap while the bottle was dropped in, snap the clasp again.

Mrs. Marrable pushed her down in the seat so that, to an onlooker, the car held only the driver. She remembered to sit as Mrs. Dimmock sat, crouched a little forward, hands high on the wheel. She drove coolly past the cottage. Perhaps half a mile beyond she neared a man leading a palomino. Deliberately, she veered toward him, saw the horse fling up

its head and sidestep, swung exaggeratedly to the far side of the road so that the wheels bit gravel.

Her hours of wakefulness had not been in vain: she had mapped a dirt turn-off, perhaps twenty-five yards from the paved turn-off, which led to the main drain. It was the kind of mistake a slightly concussed woman might make while driving through wind-driven dust, and Mrs. Marrable swung boldly into it.

She met no one. People who walked or drove to work had long since passed, school was in session, the few houses set well back were curtained against the wind. Mrs. Marrable had the morning to herself, and, presently, the drain.

This was not the sluggish flow of an irrigation ditch but a wide, fast-moving current between sloping five-foot banks. Today the water was wind-feathered and grey, carrying a sprinkle of tumbleweed and twigs at a surprising pace. Mrs. Marrable halted the car where the narrow road dipped across the drain, backed a little, went forward until the front wheels were over the gravelly incline. With the handbrake set, she opened the door and stepped out.

Mrs. Dimmock slid over easily on the seat. Leaning awkwardly in out of the rush and tug of wind, Mrs. Marrable took her hands and placed them in various spots on the wheel.

Mrs. Dimmock said something.

It was not the blur that it had been before, and it was not a moan or a protest of any kind. Mrs. Marrable stared into the ashy face—

what tenacity the woman had, even dying!—and said wheedlingly, "What is it?"

Out of some almost unendurable effort, Mrs. Dimmock muttered, "Told. H—"

A last breath from her lungs, or H for Harriet? The single aspirate came again like a ghastly stutter.

Roughly, Mrs. Marrable released the handbrake. The heavy car surged forward, descended the bank with a drunken solemnity, and settled with surprisingly little noise into the drain.

Although the door yawned open, fanning the current, the forward motion had flung Mrs. Dimmock over the wheel and held her there. While Mrs. Marrable watched, she toppled sideways. Her feet were tangled in the floor pedals, but her head went into the water.

It was, thought Mrs. Marrable, a pity about the car.

A number of people might have seen the small wind-bent kerchiefed figure that presently crossed the fields. At a glance it would have seemed a cleaning-woman hurrying home after a morning's work. There was certainly nothing to connect it with erect and deliberate Mrs. Marrable, who never wore anything but a hat on her head and always carried her silver-headed cane.

She entered the house by her bedroom door. Almost stumbling in her weariness, Mrs. Marrable swallowed two sleeping pills and lay down on her bed. She entertained only two lingering thoughts before a comforting dusk swam up under her eyelids.

How silent the house was, silent and safe.

... H for Harriet.

To be concluded

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Christmas in fiction and verse—chosen by the Editor

### DECORATIONS

Clever new ideas for table and mantelpiece decorations

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FREE paper patterns for a chic beachcoat, housecoat, and shift

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# Party Fashions

## —from the shops

Teenagers  
WEEKLY



● This crop of swinging young fashions is for formal, casual, and "come-just-as-you-are" holiday parties. All these clothes are obtainable from Sydney stores at about the prices given.

Pictures by  
Don Cameron

LEFT: Nautical and shipshape, the "Paper Doll" dress (for a meal at the club?) is an imported Italian white linen design given a smart effect with printed black saddle stitching and wavy printed neckpiece. 17 gns. (Mark Foy's.)

RIGHT: For dress-up party occasions — a slender-fit drift of printed nylon (over a silk slip), scooped wide at neck and with a lovely float of self-panel at back. £9/9/0. Fine white nylon lace makes the eye-catching shift (far right). Full, push-up sleeves have frilled cuffs. £19/19/0. (David Jones Ltd.)



LEFT: Chiffon and cotton for Christmas Day doings. Simple printed chiffon style (far left) is made on silk slip, has new cutout armholes, a roll collar, is slit deep at back below self-bow — and — flower trim. £13. Corded Swedish cotton style, girlish as all get out (left), has net slip to puff out the skirt. £9/19/11. (David Jones Ltd.)

RIGHT: "Come as you are," your hostess says, and you slip along in a jazzy jersey like this mercerised cotton tunic, which is (almost) a knee-skimmer, and skinny, bell-bottom pants of white pique that are sure to steal any party scene. Tunic 89/11, pants £5/19/11. (Mark Foy's.)





# Letters

## Youth will never change the world

I RECENTLY read in T.W. that few realise that the future of the world is in the hands of youth. In my opinion the writer is a blind idealist.

Before you demand that the imperfections of the present world condition be eradicated, you must take into consideration the apathetic and complacent attitudes of most people. Occasionally they will take a fleeting interest, but on the whole they are preoccupied.

I think most teenagers do realise that the world's future lies in the hands of the young, but they are neither willing nor able to take on the responsibility of bettering humanity.

This has been the pattern of the world, and no amount of idealism can change it. —Ann E. Wood, Ashbury, N.S.W.

## Apt quote

WHEN he wrote in the eighteenth century, "Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer," Charles Colton had the right idea! —"Nervous," East Brighton, Vic.

## Country students

ESME CLARKE wrote that everyone helps foreign students, but do not do the same for our country students. This is regrettably true, and there is a simple explanation.

The foreign students are looked on as ambassadors for their country, and are carefully chosen, fully drilled, briefed, and groomed. The girls are ladies, and the boys are gentlemen.

Our own country students have merely passed enough school tests to qualify for higher education. No one has checked on their manners and habits. No one has briefed them, and no one has taken the trouble to find out if the boy or girl knows how to get along smoothly in another person's house.

A large number of country boys and girls have lived under very rough and ready conditions, and have deplorable habits, manners, and table manners. And while some are fairly quick to catch on, others are never going to alter a scrap.

This is the reason so many students and apprentices are constantly looking for a fresh place to board. —"Ex-Landlady," Adelaide.

## Choosing subjects

I NOTICE that many contributors intend to sit for matriculation and hope to go on to university. Having just completed first-year university I would like to pass on one small piece of advice: all students should take a searching look at their proposed university subjects.

Quite a few students of my acquaintance have placed their future in jeopardy because they took subjects for which they were not really suited.

When there is a choice (as in most faculties), choose carefully and according to your OWN aptitudes and you will have made a good start toward your degree. —"Uni Student," East Burwood, Vic.

## A Greek in Australia

IN the nine years I've been in Australia, I've learned and enjoyed many things which are mostly unheard of in Greece. I have made many friends and took up corresponding with pen-friends of all nations. I am always eager to learn of people, countries, and traditions.

My parents, being Greek, are very strict, which means I can't join different social

## BEATNIK



events like young Australians. But since I've received my driving licence I go out regularly to the drive-in movies with my younger brother.

I would be better off in Greece, where young girls manage to go out with their parents and relations to many dances and clubs, or taverns, as they are called there.

If I ever return to Greece to stay, I will never forget Australia. It is the land of opportunity, if you want it and work hard at getting it. I have come to feel much for this country because I grew up here. —Yanoulla Raidis, Penola, S.A.

## NEXT WEEK

• Color pictures of fabulous mix-and-match summer fun fashions including a play suit, long skirt, rajah slacks and jacket and shell top and a coat. Also pictures of the latest mod fad—white mesh stockings.

• How to make a mad mob cap—or a pretty one. Yes, those funny old mob caps have gone mod—and using the same easy basic pattern you can make a gay one for the beach, or a pretty one to cover your rollers. A simple adjustment to the pattern—and you have a beach or roller bag, too.

## Boys' clothes

A FRIEND (a first-year university student) and I (a trainee teacher) had quite a heated discussion on what dress it was reasonable to expect a boy to adopt for a date such as the pictures, or a dance on Saturday night.

I maintain that if a girl wears stockings, high heels, and possibly gloves, a boy should have the courtesy to wear a white shirt and tie, and even a coat or suit.

Unless a date is casual, such as a drive-in theatre or

bowling, a boy should not turn up in an open-necked sports shirt. Am I being a snob (as my friend claims), by refusing to go on a date to a dance or something similar with a boy casually dressed? Especially if a T-shirt is worn under an open-necked shirt.

My brothers and their friends like the opportunity to dress smartly, and do not resent ties, suits, or coats. —A.J.W., Kelvin Grove, Qld.

## Lazy teenagers

WHAT would all those lazy, house-loving teenagers do if there was no TV, and they had to decide what to do on their holidays?

Decide by themselves? No, not a chance in a million. They are too busy being lazy and getting fat in their own luxurious homes. Meanwhile, in places without TV, teenagers do decide what to do—we get a group of boys together and think it out. Climbing, playing sport, and forming clubs are among our activities.

But city teenagers get lazier every day and wouldn't know what to do with themselves if they had no TV to keep them amused. —Ross D. Chippendale, Alice Springs, N.T.

## Tinny hobby

I DON'T suppose there would be many people with a hobby quite like mine, which is collecting empty talcum powder tins.

I have only been collecting for just on a year, and have already acquired more than 60 different tins.

It is really amazing the types of unusual and beautiful tins that are there if you look for them. Some are very peculiar in shape, and they vary greatly in height and size. Designs and pictures of all kinds are to be found on them.

Ask all your relations and friends to save their tins for you, and you'll be amazed how quickly your collection will grow. If you find some

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

really unusual or fascinating tins you may decide to use them to decorate your bedroom. —"Tinny," Grafton, N.S.W.

## Examinations

ALONG with many of my friends at school I feel that examinations are outdated and practically useless. All they really discover is how much knowledge a person can cram into his head in the few weeks prior to the exam.

Although I have no suggestion for a replacement of the present exams, I feel some readers must have, and would like to hear their opinions and suggestions on this. —Jim Langford, South Hobart.

## Unreasonable

SOME friends and I were discussing a problem which we feel is common to quite a few teenage girls—that of wanting to keep company with several boys instead of going steady.

From experience we have found that if a girl tells a boy she is unable to go out with him one week because of a previous engagement he nearly always feels that she is trying to get rid of him, when in fact she would probably love to be able to accept.

I recently told a boy that I had already been asked to a party and later was told by his brother that he was mad at me because I was trying to give him the brush-off. Girlfriends have also had similar experiences. —"Annoyed," Alphonston, Vic.

## Happiness

THIS old Spanish proverb may interest readers.

"Happiness is a butterfly which, when pursued, is always just beyond your grasp, but which, if you will sit down quietly, may alight upon you." —L. Hallday, Glandore, S.A.

## Should girls pay for boys? —readers reply

IN reply to Wylie Osborne, who wanted to know what other readers thought about who should pay for tickets when a girl asks a boy to a ball, I think that the girl certainly shouldn't expect the boy to pay.

If the tickets are expensive, she should consider this problem before she decides to ask him.

It is very bad mannered for a girl to ask a boy out anywhere and then expect him to pay for his own ticket. —Celia Weston, Mont Albert, Vic.

I THINK Wylie was expecting a little much if she thought the boy she asked to the ball should pay for the tickets. I feel that she should have taken it for granted that no such offer of payment would be made.

Surely, if a boy asked her out, she would not think of offering to pay for her own ticket. Well, I don't think he should have been expected to, either! —Shirley Crocker, Hampton, Vic.

IF Wylie is ever in such a situation again, I suggest she drop a big hint (right on his toe!) by somehow suggesting beforehand that he should pay for himself.

She could say, "Don't bother to pay me now for your ticket, you can give it to me later," or, "As I asked you to go, I don't expect you to pay for me, and I'll pay for myself." —"Judy," Forrest, A.C.T.

AS far as I'm concerned it just isn't done for a girl to treat a boy. In all cases the boy should pay for the tickets. If, on the other hand, a girl invites him to a ball and produces costly tickets, what is the boy to think other than that they were given to her? —J.H., Brighton, S.A.

## THE CLASSICS

### JOHANN STRAUSS: Die Fledermaus.

THOUSANDS of operettas and musical comedies have been born and have swiftly died in the last century or so; the few that have become "classics," holding their place in the permanent repertoire, have had to show truly exceptional qualities of tunefulness, wit, and musical skill.

Probably the most firmly established and most widely loved of all operettas is the 90-year-old "Die Fledermaus," by the younger Johann Strauss, which is frequently performed by serious opera companies as part of a regular operatic season. (The Australian Elizabethan Trust Opera did this last year.)

A new recording of selections from "Die Fledermaus" issued by R.C.A. gives a good idea of how delightful this music can sound when it is rendered by first-class operatic singers who know how to unbend.

The international cast is led by Anna Moffo and Sergio Franchi; Yugoslav-born Oscar Danon conducts the Vienna State Opera Orchestra and Chorus.

The title "Die Fledermaus" — "The Bat" — refers to a rather minor point in the plot; the main part of the story is concerned with flirtations, disguises, and mistaken identities against a background of gay Viennese society. (It would help the listener if the synopsis of the libretto were printed on the record jacket, but, instead, R.C.A. has followed its bad habit of covering the back of the cover with tiresome and uninformative self-puffery.)

— MARTIN LONG

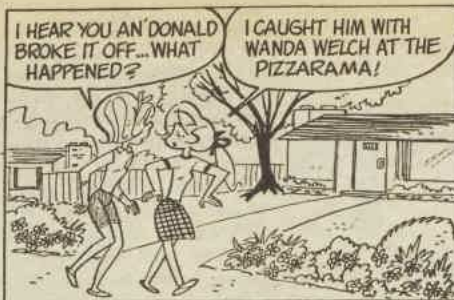


Skin cleansed by Ten-O-Six Lotion is immaculately clean, antiseptically clean, cleaner than its ever been. Medications in Ten-O-Six work to correct and normalise your skin, heal blemishes, reduce oiliness and relieve dryness. Cleanse your skin with Ten-O-Six twice daily.



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**MOD COIFFURE** (for boys, believe it or not). Height at the back is achieved by arduous back-combing, lots of lacquer, and a special razor cut.

## ROLLING STONE GATHERED MISS

**ROUND ROBIN**

● So, one of The Rolling Stones has taken the bull by the horns and got a ring (wedding) through his nose!

**YES**, Charlie Watts, 23, recently married 26-year-old art student Shirley Ann Shepherd.

(It is interesting to note that Charlie is the Stones' drummer.

With a name like Watts one could expect him to have an electric guitar!)

Charlie and his sweetheart married secretly in a registry office.

Even his musical partners didn't know for some time and were very surprised.

Actually they had opposed marriage for any member of the group.

Apparently they thought they should concentrate on recording singles!

Many ordinary blokes would agree with the other lads' attitude.

There is a strong feeling among fellers that a chap who gets married, whether or not he is a Stone, has rocks in his head!

Maybe it all just adds up to the fact that Charlie was bolder than the others!

Possibly, as he is a drummer, he regards marriage as a status cymbal.

Charlie, of course, might find that marriage rather intrudes on his career.

Just because he's an entertainer doesn't mean his wife won't object to his having nights out with the boys.

And, like many wives, his might nag him about his ability as a provider.

He could be hurt if she flips through unpaid bills and complains, "Why couldn't you write books or sell hotel sheets—like The Beatles?"

*—Robin Adair*

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 23, 1964

## MONEY—friend or foe?

### Try this quiz

**A** 1. If you have some extra money, do you spend it on something you really don't need?

2. Are most of your purchases made on credit?

3. Do you envy millionaires?

4. If you inherited a fortune, would you drastically change your way of life?

5. Would you enjoy flashing a large roll of bills, expensive jewellery, and costly clothing?

**B** 1. When eating out, do you automatically read the right-hand side (the cost) of the menu first and usually order the least expensive meal?

2. Do you feel that it is entirely up to the Government rather than you as an individual to take care of needy persons and/or causes?

3. Has it been six months since you bought a new piece of clothing?

4. Do you often tell your friends how much you paid for things or services?

5. Do you consider gift-giving at Christmas, birthdays, anniversaries, etc., childish and unnecessary?

#### SCORING

The first five questions are aimed at the spend-thrift type. The last five, at the penny-pinchers.

Give yourself one point for each YES answer in parts A and B. Subtract the smaller number from the larger.

If you answered all questions NO, you have a 0 score, a very healthy attitude toward money. If you have answered one question in A as YES and one in B as YES, your score is again 0, and since your freedom with money is balanced by some penny-pinching characteristics, you will still find a good friend in your bank roll.

1 to 2 points in either A or B: You are still safe.

3 to 4 points in either A or B: You are in fierce competition with money.

5 points in either A or B: Money is your master!

Chuang-tse said in 275 B.C., "To have enough is good luck, to have more than enough is harmful. This is true of all things, but especially of money."

● Money has been cursed and praised, sought for and rejected. There is a saying that "Money is a good servant, but a poor master." What does money mean to you?



who could resist a closer look

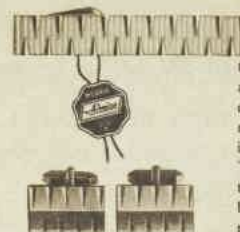


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When buying jewellery be careful to look for the gold-on-blue quality tag, the hallmark of true goldsmith's craftsmanship.



**THIS IS Charlie Watts, drummer for The Rolling Stones, and Shirley Shepherd, the girl he recently married. Robin Adair comments on the wedding at left—and for fans there is a pin-up of the group in the Top Pops Pin-up Album in this issue.**



Louise  
Hunter

## Here's your answer

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

### Too late home

"RECENTLY I went out with a wonderful boy from work and we planned to go on many dates. However, when we arrived home he met my parents and they were mad at me for getting home at quarter-past twelve and they blamed it mostly on him. We were with another couple and I didn't want to spoil their evening by saying I had to be home at 10 o'clock. Since this happened this boy has not asked me out and he hardly ever speaks to me at work. This is not the first time my parents have frightened boys off, and as I am now nearly 18 I think I should be able to stay out

later than ten o'clock. How can I change my parents' attitude?"  
"Late Home," S.A.

You can only change their attitude by proving that you are sensible and to be trusted, and you will NEVER do this by arriving home two hours after the time you were supposed to.

Ask your parents to compromise on special occasions — explaining to them that it is often difficult to leave a show or film and travel home to be there by ten.

But for heaven's sake STICK to their restrictions while they make them or you will find that they will always treat you like a child because you act like one.

### Big-bust problem

"I am very self-conscious about being big-chested and I don't know what to do now that summer is coming on. My doctor says not to worry about my figure, but nearly everywhere I go I'm the odd one out. Are there any exercises I can do to reduce the size of my bust?"  
"Odd?" Vic.

It's a funny thing about human vanity that whatever we have — we want to change.

Girls with curly hair want straight hair — and vice versa.

And girls with well-developed bosoms want the kind that so many girls spend years trying to increase.

No exercises can reduce the size of your bust, but swimming and arm exercises can keep it firm.

Don't worry about your figure, and don't be self-conscious about it. There are many girls who would gladly swap places with you.

### New Guinea teaching

"I AM interested in teaching in New Guinea and wondered if you could tell me whom I should contact to find out about training, conditions, etc. I am 18 years of age, an Australian Citizen, and have my Leaving Certificate."  
"Teacher," Vic.

Write to The Secretary, Department of Territories, Canberra.

They will be able to tell you of the cadetships for Education Officers available to young people up to the age of 24 who have passed Leaving Certificate or Matriculation examinations.

### Should she write?

"DO you think I should write a letter to a boy before he writes to me? He's 15 and I'm 14 and he lives about 80 miles from where I live. I told him my address, but I think he may have forgotten it. I met him about two weeks ago. My mother thinks it would be cheap and nasty if I wrote."  
"Wondering," Vic.

No, I don't think you should write.

Wait until you see this boy again and let the first move come from him.

### Jealous boyfriend

"I AM nineteen and have been going steady with a boy of twenty-two. My problem is that he is terribly jealous and will not allow me to mix with other people. He used to enjoy going to dances and parties, but now he won't take me, as he says that other boys keep asking for dances. I have lost quite a few friends through his jealousy and I am terribly unhappy. He wants to get engaged, but I don't know what to think."  
"Unhappy," N.S.W.

I don't think you should even contemplate marrying a boy who is so possessive and jealous that he is making you unhappy.

Think what your married life would be.

Friendships are always important in life — perhaps more so after marriage — and as you obviously like to have friends besides your boyfriend you could only be letting yourself in for a lifetime of unhappiness.

### He likes her friend

"AFTER taking a girl out once I found that I was no longer interested in her but instead I liked her best friend very much. Could you suggest a way I could get to know this other girl without offending the girl I took out?"  
"Desperate," Vic.

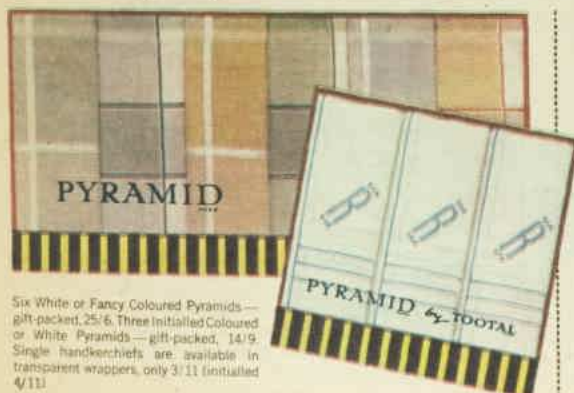
Don't see either girl for a few months. Then you will be able to make a fresh start and ask out the girl you prefer without hurting her friend's feelings too much.



I  
think  
every girl  
should give her men  
Pyramids for Christmas

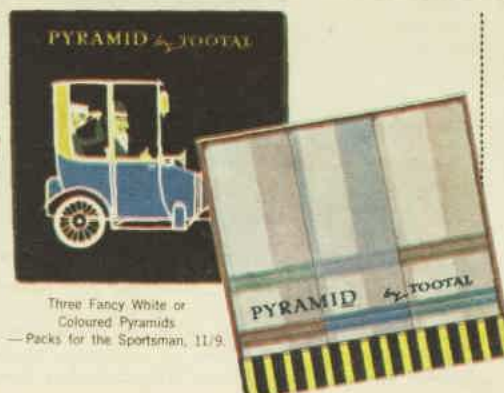
Introducing Pyramid De-Luxe in bold satin stripes distinctively presented in a gold box. 3 for 15/9, also singly.

Difficult men? Aren't they all! But even the man most difficult to please is pleased to get Pyramid Handkerchiefs for Christmas. Pyramids are nice gifts to give—the best cotton handkerchiefs money can buy. And Pyramid Handkerchiefs are true economy—because *this* best is not expensive. This Christmas, give your men, all of them, **PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS**



Six White or Fancy Coloured Pyramids — gift-packed, 25/6. Three Initialed Coloured or White Pyramids — gift-packed, 14/9. Single handkerchiefs are available in transparent wrappers, only 3/11 (initialed 4/11).

Page 66



Three Fancy White or Coloured Pyramids — Packs for the Sportsman, 11/9.



Girls love Pyramids, too!

In sets of three — dainty whites and gay woven coloureds, 9/11.



# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

While Mandrake puzzles over the diamond theft, another strange mystery is developing. The world's largest emerald is locked in a steel vault with a time lock, yet it has been stolen! Is there a connection? NOW READ ON...



ANY CLUES IN THAT EMERALD ROBBERY?

NOT ONE! IT REALLY SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE.

IT REMINDS ME OF A MINING CAMP THEFT I RAN INTO LAST WEEK—THAT ALSO SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE.

CAN WE GO TO THAT BANK? I'M CURIOUS ABOUT THIS EMERALD.

NOTHING'S BEEN TOUCHED SINCE WE OPENED THE VAULT YESTERDAY—WHEN THE EMERALD WAS GONE.

"THE VAULT IS 75 FEET BELOW THE SURFACE—CUT INTO BEDROCK—WALLS, FLOOR AND CEILING OF SOLID STEEL, THREE FEET THICK!"

75' TO SURFACE  
SOLID ROCK  
CONCRETE  
STEEL  
VAULT

PLEASE DESCRIBE THIS VAULT.

THREE FEET OF STEEL—YOU'D NEED AN H-BOMB TO BREAK IN HERE—ANYTHING TAMPERED WITH?

NO—EVERYTHING EXACTLY AS IT WAS.

EXCEPT THE MIRROR, SIR.

IT WAS ALWAYS OPPOSITE THE DOOR, SO THE GUARD COULD SEE ALL AROUND—

WHEN WAS IT MOVED?

NOT SURE WHEN.

YOUR THIEF ENTERED AND LEFT HERE—

WHO COULD MAKE A HOLE IN 3 FEET OF STEEL? WHO COULD GET DOWN THROUGH 75 FEET OF BEDROCK—

—WITHOUT USING ENOUGH DYNAMITE TO SHAKE THE TOWN?

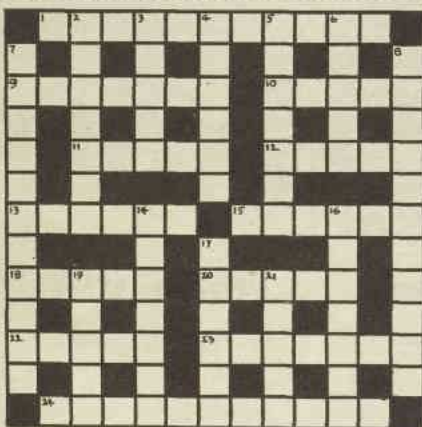
GET ME A FLASHLIGHT. I WANT TO SEE WHERE THIS HOLE GOES.

CONTINUED

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- By such pouring down you must get beastly wet (4, 3, 4).
- This is the genuine "ism" (7).
- Tool with a soft cushion inside (5).
- The objective ego as a subject to write or talk about (5).
- No disturbed bees are fat (5).
- This man, who is unclothed on principle, exists in dust (6).
- Person of long experience shows his age (6).
- Bury in footprint erosion (5).
- An inanimate object (5).
- Consolidate (5).
- Lateral control flap at rear of aeroplane's wing tip (7).
- Passengers sandwiched in such room (11).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

- Remodelled a pet dad (7).
- County (5).
- Count with a torpid head (6).
- Misrepresent. It is a civil wrong when headless (7).
- Serious hole in the earth (5).
- Claiming more than is warranted, but at the end the debts are acknowledged (11).
- Sign created for making profane (11).
- Wanderer shows a ray in disturbed rest (7).
- He took much less than 80 days to go round the Earth (7).
- Takes feloniously (6).
- Two times (5).
- This faith comes by mails (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

# Butterick PATTERNS



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2705.—Beach shift with applique trim and petal pockets. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 5/- includes postage.

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9975.—Button-through dress cut in larger sizes, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46in. bust. Price 5/3 includes postage.

2651.—1-to-6 dress and panties. Dress has back-buttoned yoke. Sizes 20, 21, 22, 23, 23½, 24in. chest. Price 5/- includes postage.



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NAME	DESIGN	SIZE
ADDRESS		





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